THE

LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

APRIL, 1800.

GEORGIANA, DUCHESS OF DEVONSHIRE.

[WITH A PORTRAIT.]

THIS Lady was the eldeſt daughter of the late Earl Spencer, and was born June 9, 1757. To the natural graces of her beautiful form were ſuperadded all the feminine accompliſhments that the beſt education could beſtow. On the 5th of June, 1774, her Ladyſhip married the Moſt Noble William Cavendiſh, Duke of Devonſhire; and ſoon after this marriage became a bright ſtar in the horizon of Faſhion. —In 1783, however, her Grace became a mother; ſince which time ſhe has lived chiefly retired, diſcharging the endearing duties of domeſtic life, and cultivating in the minds of her offſpring thoſe talents and virtues which are ſo happily blended in her own.*

* See a Poem written by the Ducheſs to her Children in p. 157.

THE OLD WOMAN.

NO. XXII.

IT is an opinion ſanctioned by univerſal obſervation, "that a good daughter makes a good wife." The following letter, which diſplays ſo many amiable traits in the filial character, having fallen into our hands, we think that we cannot better conſult the intereſt and improvement of our lovely readers than by laying it before them, as an incentive, and an example.

It will, unqueſtionably, be grateful to the heart of ſenſibility to know, that the young lady was bleſſed with her father's recovery; and that, after many trials, ſhe was ultimately united to the brother of her correſpondent, with the approbation of all parties. May virtue and duty always meet with their due recompenſe; and every female, who imitates Miſs Penroſe's endearing conduct, find the felicity which ſhe now ſhares.

MISS AMELIA PENROSE TO MISS HARRIET NEVILLE.

Cheltenham.

"WHY will Fortune ſtill ſport with a heart lacerated by ſenſibility! In the loſs of an affectionate parent, and a faithful monitor, I vainly imagined that the meaſure of my ſorrows was filled up. But the deeper I drink at the bitter ſpring of affliction, the more the draught ſeems to increaſe.—Within theſe few months a Mother has been claimed by Heaven; and I am fearful, too fearful, that neither the ſalutary effects of this ſpa, nor the lenient arts of filial love, will be able to "keep awhile one parent from the ſky." The ſettled ſorrow that has taken poſſeſſion of my father, for the loſs of a beloved partner in his brighter days, ſeems incapable of giving way to the proſpects of religion, or the dictates of philoſophy. His phyſician, you know, recommended a trial of

of the waters at this charming place, to remove ſome conſtitutional ailments, in hopes that his mind might be relieved in proportion as his health was reſtored. I ſet out with him for Cheltenham, with all the pious zeal that a Mahometan feels when he viſits the ſhrine of the Prophet. I regarded it as the ſource from whence my pleaſures were to ſpring. I looked forward with rapture to the day that would clothe my father's face with the bloom of renovated health, and the ſmile of heartfelt eaſe! But a month has elapſed ſince our arrival, and, painful to relate, appearances are altered for the worſe; his ſpirits ſeem depreſſed by the flutter of company, and his body emaciated by its ſympathy with his mind.

"The other day, as I was ſtriving to divert the *ennui* inſeparable from my ſituation, with the poetical "Cheltenham Guide, or, Memoirs of the Blunderhead Family continued," my deareſt father ſoftly entered the room, and, drawing his chair cloſe to mine——

"Emily," ſaid he, "don't be alarmed;——but, I feel myſelf gradually approaching to another ſtate; a ſtate which, to me, muſt be infinitely preferable, and which only my love for you overcaſts with a ſhade. I regret that extreme ſenſibility which ſeems hereditary in our family: to me it has been the ſource of woes innumerable; on you it has too viſible an effect; yet I would not wiſh to ſee you callous to pity, or indifferent to love; you would then be equally unhappy, but not equally amiable!"

"I could refrain from tears no longer. "My deareſt—beſt of fathers!" Spare me——ſpare me from the recital of what muſt arouſe the deadeſt feelings, and give poignancy to the moſt unthinking breaſt!

"My child," continued he, "we ought to reconcile ourſelves to what is unavoidable; and my concern for you will not permit me to flatter or diſguiſe. I have borne up againſt mental and bodily ills with all the reſolution that Heaven has beſtowed; and, though I preſume not to dive into the decrees of Providence, or to limit its operations, to me a recovery ſeems not only impoſſible, but, except for your ſake, unwor-

thy of my care. By habituating ourſelves to the reflection of death, we become reconciled to its advances, and fortified againſt its attacks. It is ſo with danger, with loſs, and with diſappointment. For this reaſon, and this only, I am ſolicitous to arm you againſt all poſſible events, and to ſooth you into reſignation before my tongue denies its function, and this heart its impulſe to my love. But I ſee you are too much affected to hear that advice which I wiſhed at preſent to impart. I will wait another opportunity. In proportion as I ſee you calm, I ſhall feel myſelf happy; for, ſhort of Heaven, you are the only treaſure I have left!"

"To ſuch a diſcourſe, what could I return! My heart was too full to articulate words; my mind too much agitated to arrange them. He aſſumed a look ineffably ſweet; and, wiping the tears as they were ready to drop, embraced me with the utmoſt tenderneſs, and, bidding me compoſe myſelf, left the room.

"Thus, you ſee, it is my misfortune to give pain where I am moſt aſſiduous to impart pleaſure. My father's anxiety for my future welfare embitters his preſent moments. The ſlender income he can leave; the nature of eccleſiaſtical preferment, which terminates with the life of the poſſeſſor; the danger to which youth unprovided and unprotected is obnoxious; all ruſh to his heart, and depreſs thoſe ſpirits, which, in his weak ſituation, ſhould be exempt from extrinſic burdens. —That theſe are his feelings, may be read in his looks; that theſe, which originate from his concern for me, ſhould be productive of ſuch direful effects on a father's peace, gives me grief inexpreſſible!

"But why ſhould I gloom your hours, which Fortune has hallowed! Why ſhould the contagion of my misfortune give you the ſlighteſt pain! You have claimed a participation in my unpropitious fate; you have permitted me to derive pleaſure from the felicity of your's; and I know your heart beats in uniſon with mine. You are one of thoſe few whom Fortune has not tainted with pride, nor Beauty with affectation; who obey the impulſes of an honeſt heart, and

fix

fix your attachment on perſons, not on names! But panegyric is only pleaſing when there is want of true deſert; as lenitives are grateful only when we are ſenſible of pain. I check, therefore, the emotions of gratitude, nor ſuffer my love to offend you with applauſe. I write you, becauſe you deſired it: would to God the ſubject had been more pleaſing for friendſhip to hear, and for your Emily to relate. Amuſements and faſhions muſt give way to filial duties. This apology would have been requiſite to moſt of our acquaintances, from a perſon at this place: to you, my heart tells me, it is unneceſſary.

"Cheer me with a long letter from Neville Place. Alas! the time ſeems long that has elapſed ſince I left its ever dear retreats! The ſofter paſſions have an affinity: Love and Pity differ only in their ſhades, and the lights in which they are placed: their objects may be different, but the point from which their lines are drawn is one and the ſame. Perhaps I have ſaid too much; did not fidelity like your's ſanction the indiſcretion; did not your generous ſentiments fan the flame which you taught me might be fed without the imputation of vanity, and the opprobrium of indiſcriminating ambition.

"May every happineſs attend my Harriet! In one word ——may her ſituation be ever the reverſe of that which at preſent is the lot of her moſt affectionate

"AMELIA PENROSE."

THE INSPECTOR.

NO. II.

It is not difficult to obtain readers, when we diſcuſs a queſtion which every one is deſirous to underſtand; or when we diſplay the faults or virtues of *her* whoſe public conduct has made almoſt every man an enemy, or a friend. RAMBLER.

MR. EDITOR,

AMONG the various productions which diſtinguiſh your entertaining Miſcellellany, there can be none of ſuch general importance to both ſexes as the ſpeculations of the

INSPECTOR. A ſubject which comes ſo immediately home to men's boſoms, I flatter myſelf, agreeably to my motto, will be peruſed with greater avidity than more ſuperficial eſſays of ſuperior excellence. I ſhall not at preſent point out the many improvements which We, the members of the Inſpection Club, anticipate, but entertain your readers with the following original, on which I ſhall offer ſome remarks.

TO THE INSPECTOR.

"*Mr. Touchy*,

"I AM one of thoſe unhappy beings who have the misfortune to be, every hour of my life, miſerably in love with ſome one. You muſt know, Sir, I have reached that age, when the heart, wanting ſomething to be kind to, looks upon every agreeable female as an object worthy its affection, towards whom it almoſt always feels ſome ſentiments of love. Let not your antiquated cynics condemn my unſtable conduct. "Beauty," Mr. Touchy, "has often overpowered the reſolutions of the firm, and the reaſonings of the wiſe; roufed the old to ſenſibility, and ſubdued the rigorous to ſoftneſs."

"To divert a melancholy hour, I happened lately to take up a number of the Muſeum; the book inadvertently opened at that part which contained the Inſpector. Pleaſed to meet with a ſociety of men with ſentiments ſo congenial to my own, I determined no longer to endure that perfidious coquetry ſo much practiſed, without being in ſome degree revenged, by thus publicly expoſing, through your means, thoſe particular females who have at different times favoured my addreſſes.—I hope your fair readers will acquit me of making any diſhonourable propoſals, or of ſeducing girls into a waſte of that part of life in which they might have gained other advantageous matches, when I inform them, that I never yet ſtrove to gain the affections of any woman without the ſincereſt intentions of marriage; that I never forſook a miſtreſs in hopes of meet-

meeting with a larger fortune, or a more perfect beauty; but because I met with some irregularity in her conduct.

"My first expressions of tenderness were devoted to the gay and dissolute Flirtilla, at that period of life when sprightliness and amusements afforded the only gratifications. Encouraged by frequent protestations of mutual affection, I paid her the most unremitting attention, and fancied myself the happiest of mortals, in thus finding a companion whom pleasure could not cloy; whose wit always sparkled, and whose spirits never suffered any depression. Thus blinded by prejudice, I suffered myself to be overcome with these delusions; and though I embraced every opportunity of attending her to operas, plays, or other amusements, yet were my passions so subservient to my judgment, that her affability to those around her gave me no uneasiness. An accidental discovery, at length, roused my jealousy. I happened to enter her apartment rather abruptly, and found her, in negligent disorder, tête-a-tête with another. My jealousy, once alarmed, neglected not every opportunity of deducing the most serious consequences; and, thinking myself so materially injured, I soon adopted that *impartial enquiry*, so much recommended as an antidote for disappointed love.

"My eyes being, as it were, re-opened, I found vanity her principal characteristic; and her greatest pleasure to consist in displaying to her competitors a multitude of admirers. It was, moreover, rumoured that Flirtilla, in order to support these gaities, had several intrigues with men of fortune. ——Thus her reputation, however innocent, was irreparably injured; and though her present admirers still strive to win her with flattery, yet, in a little time, they will despise those favours which have been prostituted to fifty men before them; and, like your humble servant, leave one, who still

"Attentive hears each lover's tale,
"While each believes his sighs prevail;
"Gives hope to all, but love to none,
"Yet strives to please them every one:
"Fops, fools, and wits, are all caress'd;
"Those most esteem'd who flatter best!"

"As

"As people diſguſted with one extreme generally fall into another, the next object of my affection was Prudella.—— Prudella had been educated under the inſpection of an old maiden aunt, and had imbibed many of thoſe eccentricities ſo peculiar to the ſiſterhood. She affected to look upon every male as the moſt dangerous part of creation; and though ſhe appeared to treat all offers with contempt, yet ſhe embraced every opportunity to attach the hearts of thoſe whoſe politeneſs gave her any hopes of ſucceſs. My attachment to Prudella was of ſhort continuance; for I ſoon found that every offer from thoſe of ſuperior circumſtances (though from different motives with Flirtilla's) met with ſome ſort of encouragement, whilſt at the ſame time ſhe neglected to diſcard her old admirers.

"I next ſolicited the hand of Corinna. Corinna, formed by Nature to pleaſe, and poſſeſſed of charms ſufficient to melt the moſt obdurate heart, reigned but the ſhort-lived tyrant of my breaſt; for ſhe loſt by her levity and indecent behaviour, what Flirtilla and Prudella loſt by their duplicity. At every pithy anecdote, who laughed louder than Corinna?

> And the loud laugh beſpeaks the vacant mind.
>
> GOLDSMITH.

In every company, who ſo eager to engroſs the whole converſation? Even at church (a place I more than once attended, to enjoy the luxurious pleaſure of beholding her natural beauty increaſed by thoſe inexpreſſible charms which devotion never fails to inſpire), her inattention to thoſe duties which ſhe ought to have fulfilled with the moſt exemplary piety, became the general ſubject of converſation. Thus, Sir, her qualifications and perſonal attractions were more than counterbalanced by her breach of decorum. To be brief: I abſent myſelf from her ſociety, even without the neceſſary forms on ſuch occaſions.

"Thus, Mr. Touchy, all my attempts to gain a wife have hitherto proved abortive. From my two firſt engagements I was freed by their entertaining my rivals at the ſame time; and

and though Prudella's, or Corinna's, conduct left me no room to ſuſpect their innocence, yet the duplicity of the one, and the levities of the other, nearly put them on a par with Flirtilla's breach of virtue.

"Perhaps your fair readers will ſay, that I have flattered my imagination with hopes of finding perfection in the form of a woman; and that it is this ideal charmer I have ſo long and ſo aſſiduouſly ſought after. But, ſurely, Mr. Touchy, it is not impoſſible to find ſome *Ariadne*, who, though perhaps not quite perfect, yet ſhall be free from the vices I have been deſcribing. However, I am reſolved to purſue my ſearch; and if I ſhould, perchance, meet with ſo deſirable a treaſure, you ſhall certainly be acquainted with it: if not, I ſhall take ſome opportunity of offering myſelf as a candidate for the firſt vacant ſeat in your honourable fraternity. At any rate, you ſhall hear from

"Your fellow-ſufferer,

"CINTHIO."

I doubt not but your fair readers will immediately ſee what deteſtation the above vices are held in by the greater part of mankind; but as the ſole object of the INSPECTOR is to ridicule certain levities at preſent ſo much the *ton*, I ſhall curſorily remark on that part of my correſpondent's letter which touches on this vice.

In my former Eſſay, I obſerved, that the alliance between Virtue and Decency is ſo near, that it is with difficulty we can ſeparate one from the other; which ſentiment ſeems further confirmed by his putting Corinna's indecency on a par with Flirtilla's diſhonour. I ſhall, therefore, conclude with the following words from the Spectator:——"There is no "charm in the Female ſex that can ſupply the place of *Vir-* "*tue*, or *Decency*. Without innocence, beauty is unlovely, "and quality contemptible; good-breeding degenerates into "wantonneſs, and wit into impudence!"

ADVER-

ADVERTISEMENT.

WHEREAS ſeveral packets have arrived from moſt of the principal towns in the kingdom, and have been accordingly laid before the ſociety for their inſpection: the particulars of them ſhall appear in our next report.

Stockton, March, 1800. DELIUS.

MEMOIRS OF HYPOLITE CLAIRON,

THE CELEBRATED FRENCH ACTRESS:

And Reflections on Theatrical Declamation, juſt publiſhed by herſelf, at Paris.

THE Memoirs of celebrated Artiſts, as well as thoſe of eminent Poets and illuſtrious Philoſophers, are equally intereſting to thoſe who admire their genius, as to thoſe who deſign to tread in their footſteps. One feels a curioſity to learn by what incidents they were guided in their choice of the profeſſion, and by what ſtudies and means they reached that high degree of perfection which procures for them the ſuffrages of their own age, and the remembrance of their poſterity. Their reflections on the art or the ſcience which they profeſs, are precepts which their followers collect, and by which they are frequently enabled to ſhorten the thorny path which leads to celebrity.

The work of Hypolite Clairon combines in itſelf all thoſe advantages. This celebrated actreſs is yet alive: ſhe reſides at Paris, and it is nearly at her eightieth year that ſhe appears to have recovered, for the purpoſe of writing her Memoirs, that ſtrength of colouring, and juſtneſs of expreſſion, which diſtinguiſhed her ſtyle when in the bloom of youth.

Hypolite Clairon was born in obſcurity: her early education was, therefore, neglected; and at ten years old ſhe ſcarcely could read. Her talent for the ſtage, however, was already manifeſt. From her windows ſhe was accuſtomed to ſee Mademoiſelle Dangeville receive her leſſons in dancing, and

and ſhe learned to imitate. The applauſes which were laviſhed on theſe her firſt attempts at imitation heated her youthful imagination, and, for the future, ſhe dreamed of nothing but of ſecuring the praiſe ſhe had gained. Shortly afterwards ſhe was brought to the theatre, where the entertainments of the evening were *Le Compte D'Eſſex*, and *Les Folies Amoureuſes*. Next day ſhe was able to repeat above a hundred lines of the tragedy, and two-thirds of the after-piece; ſhe could even imitate the tones and geſtures of the performers. Her mother deſigned her for a working buſineſs; but the ſprightly daughter could not endure labour of the hands. One day, when her mother was inflicting on her the puniſhment of her idleneſs, ſhe cried out——

"Well, you had better kill me at once; for, if not, nothing ſhall prevent my being a player!"

It ſoon became neceſſary to determine, and Hypolite appeared at the Italian theatre before ſhe was quite twelve years old. Some time afterwards ſhe was engaged in the Rouen company: ſhe was applauded by the audience, and aſtoniſhed her employers. It was here ſhe acquire the habits of the theatre. After having appeared ſucceſſively at different theatres, ſhe at laſt preſented herſelf at the *Comedie Francais*.—She inſiſted on playing firſt-rate characters, and to make her appearance in that of *Phædra*. The managers laughed at her preſumption; but ſhe was reſolved, and ſucceeded. After having performed for twenty years at this theatre, with great ſucceſs, ſhe went into Germany, and took up her reſidence in the neighbourhood of the Margrave of Anſpach, who appeared to entertain for her, if not love, at leaſt a very lively friendſhip. But, to uſe her own expreſſion——"there is no Court ſo little, as not to have its Narciſſus!" She was perſecuted here, and returned to her own country.

Hypolite Clairon terminates this recital by a critique on the Theatre, in its preſent ſtate, which appears to us to carry ſeverity to a degree that borders on injuſtice. It is intereſting, nevertheleſs, to relate the judgment of a performer ſo celebrated; for, notwithſtanding the ſpirit of prejudice by which

which it ſeems to have been dictated, it yet ſeems to inculcate truths which it is for the intereſt of the art ſhould be kept in mind, as well by the public as the performers.

Though Madame Clairon has her memory yet impreſſed with the productions of the beſt French Poets, ſhe yet reſorts to the Theatre to feel that additional intereſt which the beauties of action never fail to add to the beauties of compoſition. ——"But, alas!" ſays ſhe, "what do I meet in theſe repreſentations, but the vulgarity of the kitchen?

"———No principle of art——
"No idea of the dignity of the character.

"Every one plays after his own faſhion, and forgets that the performer ſhould accommodate himſelf to thoſe with whom he plays; that it is his duty to exert ſome effort, to make ſome ſacrifice to the *enſemble* of the piece, and to ſecure *effect*. I obſerve no unity of tones, no nobleneſs of poſt. I have ſeen heroes throw themſelves flat on their belly, and ſometimes walk on their knees. I have ſeen indecency of dreſs carried ſo far, that the actreſs appeared under the ſingle covering of a fleſh-coloured taffety, and exactly fitted to the ſkin from head to foot. I have been ſtunned with ranting, and diſguſted with buffoonery; and, to complete all, the Pit has cried out—*Bravo!*

"It is not for me to decide, whether the public and the performers of the preſent day are wrong, or whether the public and performers of my day were right; but I may be permitted to ſay, that there is not the leaſt trait of reſemblance between the two."

It is a proverb,——that old people boaſt of the paſt, at the expenſe of the preſent; perhaps Madame Clairon, in ſpite of the ſtrength of mind which ſhe poſſeſſes, has yielded to this weakneſs.

[*To be concluded in our next.*]

The

The Ruins of St. Oſwald.

A ROMANCE.

[Continued from Page 191.]

CHAP. VII.

ALFRED's increaſing dejection of ſpirits greatly alarmed the Counteſs: ſhe ſaw her darling ſon conſuming his youth under the influence of a hopeleſs paſſion, unleſs, by diſcovering a ſecret ſhe wiſhed to remain ſuch, ſhe could appeal to his reaſon. Yet——could ſhe teach him to execrate the author of his being?——Impoſſible! The Count was ſtill her huſband—the father of her children!——But he was alſo the father of Ellinor!!——Afflicting thought!——but for that, all might have been well. The conflict of her mind was not of long duration. A letter arrived, by a carrier: on the ſuperſcription ſhe recognized the hand-writing of the Count. She eagerly tore it open——it was from himſelf—entreating her to fly to him: ſtating, that he had been dreadfully wounded by ſome banditti; deſiring her to bring her children with her, as he had a confeſſion to make, before his approaching diſſolution, which was of material import; directing her to ſearch the Ruins for an ill-fated victim of his perfidy.

Adelaide well knew to whom he alluded, and heſitated not to fly, and cheer by her preſence the bed of ſickneſs.—At ſuch an awful period, all animoſities were buried in oblivion. Again ſhe recurred to the letter, and, to her infinite aſtoniſhment, found it dated from the Caſtle de Lanville.—Involuntarily ſhe uttered an exclamation of ſurpriſe; but, recollecting the preſence of the meſſenger, diſmiſſed him, with an aſſurance of her immediate compliance with the deſire of her huſband.

Every thing was got ready with all poſſible ſpeed for their departure, and they ſoon reached the Caſtle, without having met with any obſtruction. The Counteſs inſtantly repaired to St. Oſwald's apartment, and was inexpreſſibly ſhocked to behold his once fine form reduced to a mere emaciated ſkele-

ton. He ſtretched his withered hand eagerly to the Counteſs, exclaiming—

"Ah! Adelaide, I am unworthy this kind attention!—I have behaved to you as a villain!——to others alſo:—but if the ſincere repentance of a dying monſter can atone——."

He ſeemed choaked with emotion——then, raiſing his head, he looked impatiently round the room, but not perceiving the object of his ſearch, he ſaid——

"Where is ſhe?———you have not brought her!——— But 'tis well——I feel I could not have borne it. Oh! forgive——and I will confeſs all."

The Counteſs interrupted him——"Spare yourſelf the painful retroſpection——I know all———I love your Ellinor next to your Louiſa;—but her mother is dead."

He hid himſelf beneath the bed-clothes, and groaned inwardly———"Oh!" ſaid he, "that was a deep piece of infamy!—But my father did it———His ambition was my deſtruction, and you were, with the unfortunate Clementine, the deluded victim!——But my death will expiate all. Yet you know not the extent of my depravity! This Caſtle, your rightful inheritance, has long been the reſidence of——a *Woman*, ſhall I call her?—No!—no!—no!——a *Fiend!*—My neglect of you was owing to this abandoned connection. But the day of retribution is arrived. Omnipotence is juſt; and the wretch who cauſed my ſin was the promoter of my puniſhment——ſhe robbed, and deſerted me. In purſuit of her I received theſe wounds, which are by the ſurgeon pronounced mortal. Your kind forgiveneſs has ſoothed my anguiſh. Indeed, my Adelaide, you were ever dear to me: merit like your's could never become an object of diſlike; but I was deluded by the enticements of Pleaſure, and had not ſtrength of mind ſufficient to reſiſt its baneful influence.—But, where are my much-wronged children?"

The Counteſs led them to his bedſide; he extended a hand to each, and embraced them with tranſport. He again looked round.

"I ſee,"

"I ſee," ſaid the Counteſs, "what your delicacy would hide from me: you ſeek your Ellinor. Alas! ſhe is no longer with us." She then related all that had paſſed, not omitting the unhappy attachment exiſting between her and Alfred, who ſtood in mute aſtoniſhment at the diſcovery ſhe thus made.

"Unhappy boy!" exclaimed the Count: "the ſins of the father are, indeed, viſited upon the children. Oh! my Adelaide, do not hate my memory!"

The exertions the Count had made in the laſt hour ſo totally overcame him, that he fell into repeated fainting fits, from which he only recovered to embrace his wife and children, and expired.

The Counteſs was ſenſibly affected. She had formed hopes that he might yet live, and, by the future piety of his life, in great meaſure atone for his paſt tranſgreſſions; and the repentant manner in which he died rekindled in her boſom thoſe ſparks of tenderneſs which ſhe had long thought to have been extinguiſhed.

After the funeral, ſhe directed her whole thoughts to promote the welfare of her children, and perceived with pleaſure that Alfred now, from a ſenſe of his duty, was become more reconciled to his fate. But, notwithſtanding, the image of his Ellinor unceaſingly diſturbed his repoſe, and all his efforts were ineffectual totally to eradicate it.

The Counteſs now reſolved to continue wholly at the Caſtle. Scenes ever dear to her memory, recalled, as it were, the repreſentation of her revered parents, and ſhe wandered over every apartment with a pleaſure known only to thoſe who have, by the renewal of acquaintance with ſome long eſtranged friend, found a void filled in their mind, which no object, however pleaſing, could ſupply. Here ſhe hoped to live and die, and mingle her duſt with that of her anceſtors, which had mouldered in the duſt for many centuries: the faithful Anna, too, ſhewed her joy; for this ſpot was alſo endeared to her by the remembrance of many childiſh gambols.—

"Here, Madam," ſaid ſhe, pointing to the portal of the eaſtern gate, "you uſed daily to receive your little penſioners, while I ſtood by you loaded with cakes, fruits, and toys.—Here alſo flocked the aged peaſants, to receive from your liberal purſe the allotted ſum, and hobbled gladly away, imploring bleſſings on your head. Ah! Madam, the prayers of the virtuous never fail. Who knows but in a little time all theſe good people's wiſhes may be fulfilled; and I may live to ſee you the happieſt lady in the country!"

Adelaide ſmiled, but made no reply: tears of pleaſure ſtood in her eyes, and ſhe haſted away to conceal her emotion.

CHAP. VIII.

ALMOST inſenſible to the horrors of her ſituation, Ellinor was held upon the horſe of the Chief, whoſe coarſe and uncouth accents had thrown her into a ſtate of ſtupidity. They travelled many miles at a furious rate, and, overcome with fatigue, Ellinor would have inevitably fallen by the way, had ſhe not been too ſecurely bound. It was to her a temporary ſatisfaction when they releaſed her aching limbs from confinement, although ſtill held by two men, who rudely dragged her, regardleſs of her weak ſtate, from the horſe into the entrance of a gloomy cavern. Fancying they were going to murder her, ſhe raiſed a deſperate outcry; but the ruffians with force and menaces ſilenced her, and led her in. Her apprehenſions were not much abated when ſhe beheld, ſeated at a large table, upon which were ſpread a profuſion of viands, a ſavage looking man, who glanced upon her with an odious grin.

"Diego," ſaid the Chief, "you are always provident. One would think you had foreſeen the addition that was about to be made to our eſtabliſhment."

"No, faith, not I," replied Diego: "but, luckily, three of our comrades were upon the ſcout, and happened to fall in

in with a carravan laden with provifions, of which you fee they have not fcrupled to fecure a fhare. But who is that pretty damfel you have brought with you? Egad! I thought there was nothing wanting to make our cave pleafant; but I foreſee this will be no diſagreeable acquiſition."

"As to who ſhe is," replied the other, "truly, I cannot ſay. The damſel ſeems to play off ſhy at preſent; but I truſt we ſhall not long have that to complain of. Come, my girl, be ſeated."

Ellinor dared not diſobey, but, trembling from head to foot, took her place next to the Commander, who kindly loaded her plate with the choiceſt morſels. They then preſſed her to drink, which, to raiſe her ſinking ſpirits, ſhe complied with; but, unuſed to the taſte of wine, and ignorant of its effects, ſhe was not aware of the quantity ſhe drank till the fumes of it entirely overcame her, and ſhe ſunk upon the ground in a ſtate of perfect inebriation.

The robbers had begun a diſpute concerning whoſe property ſhe was, which the ſituation ſhe was then in prevented her hearing; and, ſurpriſed at her ſtate, they conveyed her to a bed, where they left her while they returned to decide the debate. The motion of her removal, and the air ſhe received by it, revived her from the tranſient ſtupor into which ſhe had fallen; and, recollecting the ſituation ſhe had been in, ſhe felt greatly rejoiced to find herſelf alone, and fell upon her knees in gratitude for having been preſerved from indignity. She now heard the voices of the party loud in altercation, and preſently the claſhing of ſwords ſucceeded, and diſmal groans convinced her that dreadful carnage was going forward. She ſtarted from her knees in terror, looking wildly round (expecting every moment the entrance of a robber) for a place of refuge: a large cheſt, which ſtood in the room, was all the means afforded her, and to her great ſatisfaction ſhe found it open.

"I ſhall, perhaps, be ſafe here," ſaid ſhe, finding it empty.

As a laſt reſource, ſhe got in, and had ſcarcely cloſed the lid upon herſelf before two men entered, and, approaching the bed, uttered the moſt tremendous execrations at their prey having eſcaped them.

"This comes of quarrelling!" ſaid one: "while we were diſputing and fooliſhly ſhedding each other's blood, to aſcertain priority, the game gave us the ſtart."

"Pſhaw!" cried the other pettiſhly; "ceaſe your prating. Our Captain has carried her off; let's purſue them:—ſhe was mine by right, for I firſt diſcovered her; and ſhe expreſsly put herſelf under my protection. Let's leave Diego in charge: we ſhall ſoon overtake them, I'll warrant."

Thus ſaying, they went off. Ellinor, almoſt dead with fear, ventured to peep out from her hiding-place, and, finding all ſtill continuing quiet, cautiouſly left her concealment.—She ſtole ſoftly along, and ſoon diſcovered a light in a diſtant part of the cavern. She at firſt was irreſolute; but recollecting that death or diſgrace awaited her, ſhe boldly preferred the former, and ventured on. She entered that part of the cave where the robbers had held their banquet, the remains of which were now ſtrewed profuſely on the floor; where, alſo, weltering in blood, were the bodies of ſeveral men.—The ſoul of Ellinor ſickened within her at the terrific ſight, and her courage almoſt wholly deſerted her; when a loud diſmal voice made her about to retreat. Turning, ſhe beheld Diego in a profound ſleep, whoſe ſnoring had ſo much affrighted her.

A thought, prudent as ſudden, ſtruck her, and ſhe delayed not to put it in execution. The ſtrap with which ſhe had been bound to the horſe lay on the ground: ſhe eaſily gained it, and dividing it with a knife, ſecured the hands of the inſenſible Diego, and alſo his feet in like manner, without in the leaſt awaking him, ſo much was he intoxicated with the liquor he had drank on the preceding night. She then, with a deſperate reſolution, took from one of the fallen robbers his hat and cloak, which ſhe haſtily threw over her, and put upon the body, with ſurpriſing dexterity, her own robe and

and veil, by which manœuvre ſhe hoped to elude purſuit; and ſeizing the only remaining lamp, with trembling ſteps explored the gloomy paſſages of this ſubterraneous abode. She fortunately found that by which ſhe had entered. The guard was, owing to the late tumult, off his duty; and Ellinor, with rapture indeſcribable, beheld four horſes tied to a tree, one of which ſhe mounted. She had never been on a horſe before the preceding day, and was wholly ignorant of the method of guiding it. She heſitated how to proceed; but fear at that moment overcoming every other conſideration, ſhe determined not to let trifling objects impede her eſcape, and, ſeizing the reins, gave him the whip. The animal, perceiving the inability of its rider, ſoon loſt all fear of correction, and, ſnorting, flew off with rapidity.

Ellinor for ſome time kept her ſeat ſteadily, but the uneaſineſs of her poſition, and the velocity with which ſhe was carried, entirely deprived her of breath: her head grew giddy, a ſudden ſickneſs came on, and ſhe fell almoſt lifeleſs from the back of the ſpirited beaſt, who, pleaſed at being releaſed from the incumbrance, purſued his courſe with additional ſpeed.

CHAP. IX.

The Counteſs and her family had reſided ſeveral months at the Caſtle. Peace was once more reſtored to their boſoms, and their days paſſed on in an uninterrupted ſerenity.

One night they were retiring to reſt, when they were alarmed by the loud ſounding of the horn at the Caſtle gate. Surpriſed at ſuch an unuſual diſturbance, they demanded the cauſe.

"For Heaven's ſake," ſaid a voice without, "admit us! ——Fear not——We are friends. My maſter has been dreadfully uſed by the banditti who infeſt this foreſt, and much I fear he will not live to reach any other ſhelter, if you refuſe our petition."

The

The Counteſs inſtantly ordered the gates to be thrown open, and a young man entered, bearing in his arms a cavalier of noble mien. His hair (a dark brown) ſhaded a face exquiſitely handſome and intereſting. His figure was majeſtic, clad in a magnificent habit of light dove-coloured velvet, edged with ſilver, over which was careleſsly thrown a purple ſatin cloak.

They laid him directly upon a bed, and Louiſa ran with alacrity to procure ſome bandages, with which they might afford a temporary relief to their bleeding gueſt, who had received a piſtol ball through the left arm. A ſervant was immediately ſent for the ſurgeon, who reſided about five miles diſtant; and Louiſa, with her own hands, adminiſtered reſtoratives to the fainting ſtranger, whoſe name, the ſervant informed them, was Don Carlos De Leonzo. He raiſed his eyes, as if to thank them; but exceſs of pain cauſed them to be directly cloſed. Louiſa felt herſelf very much affected, and, turning to her brother, ſaid—

"Oh! Alfred, the gentleman muſt die!"

"Heaven forbid! Madam," ſaid the ſervant, who was ſupporting his head; "for he is the beſt maſter that ever man had."

"My dear Louiſa," ſaid the Counteſs, "I fear your loquacity will diſturb Don Carlos."

Louiſa became inſtantly ſilent, but her eyes involuntarily watched every change in the countenance of the ſtranger.

It was morning before the ſurgeon arrived. He viſited his patient, and aſſured the anxious enquirers that he was in no danger; that the wound was but ſlight; and, as is uſual, preſcribed quiet as the moſt likely reſtorative. He then proceeded to extract the ball; and, having adminiſtered an opiate, left the gentleman to repoſe.

A few days, with ſuch excellent nurſing as he received from the Counteſs and Louiſa, greatly contributed to the reſtoration of Don Carlos; during which time the attention of the latter gave him evident pleaſure: his medicines did not taſte

taſte palatable when adminiſtered by any other hand; nor did his pillow feel comfortable, except it was placed by the gentle Louiſa.

As ſoon as he was judged able to converſe, he ſat up, and apologized, with much grace, for the trouble he had occaſioned.——"Doubtleſs, Madam," ſaid he, addreſſing the Counteſs, "it will be ſatisfactory to you to know whom you have thus hoſpitably treated. If my ſpirits will permit, I will recite my hiſtory; entreating pardon of you for troubling you with an unintereſting detail.

"My father, a Grandee of ſome conſequence in Spain, when quite a youth, was one day riding through a town not many miles from Madrid, where he reſided, when his attention was forcibly riveted on an object of no common appearance: it was a moſt beautiful girl, habited in the ſimpleſt garb. She was a pleaſing little brunette, apparently about fifteen; but what more particularly engaged the notice of Don Pedro, was her ſeeming in great affliction, continually wiping away the tears which trickled down her cheeks with the looſe corner of a bundle that ſhe carried in her hand.

"My father was naturally of a benevolent and compaſſionate diſpoſition, but in the preſent inſtance he was affected with ſenſations of more than pity. He accoſted her; enquired her name; and tenderly deſired to know her grief. 'Alas! moſt noble Seigneur,' ſhe replied, in Italian, 'my name is Paulina. I am a native of Milan. I was in love with Felix, and he pretended to love me; but, oh! the baſe man took advantage of my ignorance to undo me; and my parents have turned me from their door, hardly allowing me take what cloaths I had. I am now going to an old ſchool-fellow of mine, who lives about two miles diſtant. I will tell her my ſtory, and perhaps ſhe will ſuffer me to look after her goats for a livelihood. Thus I ſhall live comfortably, if not happy; and I will endeavour to forget Felix—that falſe, perfidious man—and my unkind parents!'

"A ſhower of tears concluded her artleſs narrative, which touched my father to the heart, and he pauſed ſome time.

time. Can nothing be done for the poor girl? thought he. —'Can we not, Paulina, endeavour to make Felix marry you? How far is it from hence to your father's? You cannot have travelled from Milan.' 'Oh, Seigneur,' ſhe replied, 'my father now has a cottage in Seville; but I would not return to him; neither will I attempt to force the inclination of Felix: he ſays, that he will never marry a bad girl, though he it was that made me ſo; and I would rather die a thouſand deaths than be his wife againſt his will: he would then hate me indeed; and well he might. I did, to be ſure, once love him; but he has uſed me too ill for me ever to regard him more.'

"Her ſentiments, ſo noble, though ſo ſimply expreſſed, charmed my father; and, notwithſtanding the diſparity of their rank and fortune, he ſuffered Love to creep into him by imperceptible degrees, till he was no longer able to withſtand its power. Her unhappy ſituation, too, he reflected, muſt contribute greatly to depreciate her character in the world; but, ſeeing things through the medium of prejudice, he conſidered it as her misfortune, inſtead of her fault. In ſhort, inſtead of indulging a thought injurious to her remaining virtue, he only pondered on the means of making her his wife. —'Shall ſuch an angel as that,' ſaid he, 'be reduced to take charge of goats!———No!—never, while I have the power to prevent it. Paulina, you muſt not go to your ſchool-fellow: ſhe will inſult you for your misfortune.—Come with me to Madrid, and I will protect you.'

"She looked at him with miſtruſtful reſerve———'Ah! no, Milord. I wiſh I could. But, pardon me, Seigneur, I would not offend you: yet perhaps you might uſe me as Felix did.' 'No, ſweet innocent!' replied Don Pedro—'not for the world would I abuſe your confidence. I will behave honourably to you, and make you my wife.' 'Mercy on me!' exclaimed ſhe: 'what! make me your wife!—a poor ruined girl like me! No—now I am ſure you mean me harm.'—'What can I ſay,' returned my father, 'to make you confide in me?'

"Then,

"Then, pauſing awhile, he took out his purſe, and, putting it into her hand, ſaid—'Here, my dear girl, take this to your ſchool-fellow; pay her for your board, and buy yourſelf ſome nice cloaths; but do not tell her of your adventure: only ſay, that you are going to be married to a gentleman of fortune. You may depend upon ſeeing me again in the courſe of a week.'

"Then, gallantly ſaluting her, he rode off, leaving Paulina transfixed with aſtoniſhment and delight. Don Pedro returned in deep thought to Madrid, and after his arrival his thoughts recurred to the imprudence he had been guilty of. 'What am I about to do?' ſaid he, mournfully: 'to marry a girl with a ruined reputation!—one whoſe birth and connection will caſt an odium upon myſelf and family; nor can the rank I mean to raiſe her to repair her character: on the contrary, by being in a more elevated ſituation, ſhe will be more the object of ſcandal. But, what then?—ſhe is beautiful and amiable! Shall I ſacrifice my own happineſs to the opinion of a cenſorious world? No. I will ſeek my father, confeſs my weakneſs, and entreat his ſanction to addreſs Paulina.'

"My father was young, ſanguine, and often impetuous in his purſuits: ever unuſed to controul, he was impatient to undertake or effect whatever he wiſhed, without conſulting prudence, or probability. This was a ſevere trial of his father's indulgence, who did not heſitate to give an immediate denial. Don Pedro was deſperate: his impetuoſity terrified his father; a violent fever was the conſequence of his agitations, and for ſome time the life of this adored ſon was deſpaired of; and his father, fearing his death if he perſiſted in a longer refuſal, gave a reluctant conſent to his union with Paulina. An almoſt inſtant change took place in Don Pedro: his eyes brightened, and a reſtoring glow animated his pallid countenance. His father had too much honour to retract his word; and Don Pedro, overjoyed, determined as ſoon as he could fit his horſe to take with him a ſervant, and go to his Paulina."

The

The entrance of the ſurgeon now obliged Don Carlos to diſcontinue his ſtory. He blamed him for the exertions he had made, and inſiſted upon his remaining ſilent for that evening. The Counteſs and the reſt of the auditors were too ſolicitous for the convaleſcence of their gueſt to ſuffer him to diſobey the given order, however their curioſity might be excited to hear the remainder of his hiſtory; they therefore conducted him to his chamber, where he bade them good night, after gently preſſing the hand of Louiſa; they then repaired each to their reſpective apartments.

[*To be continued.*]

AN AFFECTING STORY.

THE Count De Pelzer, an officer in the Pruſſian ſervice, was the only ſon of an aged widow. He was finely made, brave to an exceſs, and deſperately in love with Mademoiſelle De Benſkou. She was in her eighteenth year; gentle, beautiful, and endowed with extreme ſenſibility.—Her lover, at the triumphant age of twenty-one, was as much loved as his miſtreſs was admired, and the day was fixed to crown their happineſs by their nuptials. It was the 20th of June, 1770. The Pruſſian troops are always ready to enter upon a campaign; and on the 17th of June, at ten at night, the regiment of the Count received orders to ſet out at midnight for Sileſia. He was at Berlin, and his miſtreſs at a caſtle within four leagues of that city. He therefore was obliged to depart without ſeeing her, and wrote to her a letter, from the firſt place where he ſtopped, in which he declared it was impoſſible for him to live without her, and requeſting that ſhe would follow him without delay, that their marriage might be celebrated in Sileſia. The officer wrote alſo to the brother of the young lady, who was his moſt intimate friend, to intercede with her parents in his behalf.

The

The young lady ſet out, accompanied by this brother and the mother of her lover. Never did time ſeem ſo ſlow as to this charming girl; but the journey was at length over, and they arrived at the city of Herſtadt. It was morning; and—"Never," ſaid her brother, "did my eyes behold a finer woman than my ſiſter: the exerciſe of the journey had given a brighter bloom to her complexion, and her eyes were mirrors which reflected what was paſſing in the heart."

"But, oh! how deceitful are the hopes of mortals! How often does the moment of felicity touch the moment of misfortune!——The carriage is ſtopped in the ſtreet, to let ſome ſoldiers paſs, who were advancing with ſlow ſteps, carrying in their arms a wounded officer. The tender heart of the young lady was affected at the ſight. Little did ſhe ſuſpect that it was her lover. Some Auſtrian foragers had advanced cloſe to the city, and the young Count went out to repulſe them. Burning with deſire to diſtinguiſh himſelf, he darted forward before his troop, and fell a victim to his unfortunate impetuoſity.

To paint the ſituation of this unhappy girl, would be to inſult the heart and imagination of every reader of ſenſibility.—Her lover is placed on his bed; his mother at his feet; his miſtreſs holding his hand.

———"Oh! Charlotte!" he exclaimed, opening his dying eyes. He made an effort to ſpeak more, but his voice failed him, and he burſt into tears. His accents had pierced his miſtreſs to the ſoul: ſhe loſt her reaſon——"No!——I will not ſurvive you!" ſaid ſhe, ſnatching his ſword. It is taken from her, and the dying officer makes a ſign with his hand for her to approach him. He preſſed her cloſe in his arms, and, after two painful efforts to ſpeak, he ſaid, with a convulſive ſigh——"Live, my Charlotte, to comfort my mother!" and inſtantly expired.

In the troop that made this ſortie ſo fatal to the young Lover, there were only two men wounded, and he was the only perſon killed. When I paſſed Berlin in 1779, the young lady had not been reſtored to her reaſon.

FLAVIA.

" By Flavia warm'd, of flatt'ring ſwains
" Take heed, ye eaſy fair:——
" Of vengeance due to broken vows
" Ye perjur'd ſwains beware."

FLAVIA was the daughter of a tradeſman who lived in the city of Norwich. She was his eldeſt child, and by her duteous awe and tender ſolicitude for her parent ſtood high in his affection. Her perſon was rather beautiful than otherwiſe; her manners graceful and pleaſing; her diſpoſition cheerful and gay; till

" Luckleſs love, and pining care,
" Impair'd her roſy hue!"

In the ſame neighbourhood dwelt Lothario, the youngeſt ſon of a perſon in the ſame ſphere of life as Flavia's father.—He was ſuffered by his parents to indulge in all the indolence and foppery of faſhion; and, with a propenſity to dreſs and diſſipation, he ſoon became a beau garçon; or, in plain Engliſh, a coxcomb.

Flavia, with all her virtues, unhappily poſſeſſed a too-yielding credulity. The gay appearance of Lothario, which often preſented itſelf before her eyes, inflamed her heart, and ſhe regarded him above his fellows. Lothario had marked her out for an object of ſeduction: her beauty and innocence but inflamed his luſt; and he conſidered her a conqueſt that would add freſh laurels to his fame. He had diſcernment enough to ſee the foible of the unhappy maid, and he took his meaſures accordingly. Flavia was delighted with the attention he paid her: ſhe heard with pleaſure his vows and proteſtations; and placing too much confidence in his inſidious profeſſions, ſhe fell! The fruit of their guilty commerce was ſoon viſible. Flavia, alarmed, requeſted her lover in the moſt pathetic manner to confirm his vows; and he, melted by her diſtreſs, felt, for the firſt time, an alarm of conſcience, which

which ſometimes ariſes in the breaſt of the moſt abandoned libertine. But an unlucky accident happened, that baffled the unfortunate creature's warmeſt wiſhes: her father, in a fit of inebrity, had a ſhort time before quarrelled with the parents of his daughter's ſeducer, which had ſown the ſeeds of diſcord between the elders of the two families.

One evening, while he was giving his child ſome proofs of his affection, he by accident diſcovered her ſituation. In a paroxyſm of his rage he vented imprecations, and ſpurned her from him; but when his paſſion had ſubſided, the tenderneſs of the father prevailed, and he raiſed her from his feet, with tears of pity and forgiveneſs. Love for his Flavia induced him to ſue for a reconciliation with Lothario's parents, and to offer an advantageous marriage portion; but to his entreaties they were inexorable; and, to prevent an union, under pretence of ſending Lothario to the Weſt Indies, he was diſpatched to London, where new ſcenes, and new pleaſures, ſoon eraſed from his mind the idea of the unfortunate Flavia.

By this time the ſtory had ſpread abroad, and ſhe was expoſed a prey to the taunts of Severity, and the cruelty of Slander! All theſe Flavia felt moſt ſenſibly; but, encouraged by the frequent letters of Lothario (who had addreſs enough to perſuade her of his conſtancy), ſhe ſupported herſelf againſt the malice of the world, and yet hoped that ſhe might be happy with her perfidious ſeducer. From him time and amuſement gradually wore off the remembrance of his deceived Flavia: his letters grew leſs frequent; and, after the expiration of ſome months, he returned to Norwich, in a perfect ſtate of *nonchalance* for the victim of his falſehood.

When Flavia heard of his arrival, her heart fluttered, and ſhe hourly expected his preſence; but when ſhe found that he treated her with contempt, and refuſed ſeeing her, every deluſive hope vaniſhed, and ſhe fell into the bittereſt agonies.

"Is this," ſaid ſhe, "a return for my love?—and ſhall he for whom I bear all this load of reproach and calumny

treat me with diſdain? Now, indeed, am I wretched, and my cup of ſorrow is filled!"

Under this agony of mind the time of her delivery drew near. In that hour of trouble ſhe met the tenderneſs of a reconciling parent, and the aſſiſtance of *une ſage-femme*, eminent for her ſkill and humanity. A ſon was brought forth in trouble; and, while ſhe wept over it with a mother's fondneſs, a ſigh now and then eſcaped for its perjured father.

For ſome days ſhe did well; but her perturbation of mind, and the load of ſorrow ſhe had ſuſtained, overcame her weak frame, and her laſt hour approached, which a worthy apothecary, who attended her, declared was occaſioned by the moſt incurable of diſeaſes—*a broken heart!*

The night before her death ſhe aſſembled her relations around her, and addreſſed them in a ſolemn and pathetic ſpeech, that went moſt forcibly to their hearts. By aſſiſtance ſhe was raiſed in her bed.———

"I feel," ſaid ſhe, "that my time is ſhort: the hand of Death hangs heavy. To one who has felt affliction like me, Death can be no unwelcome harbinger: I embrace him as the miniſter of relief; and could the little wretch who owes his being to a guilty father accompany me, happy would be the end of Flavia."

She then directed that her child ſhould be brought to her. She received the infant, and wept over it in a manner that melted the hearts of the bye-ſtanders.

——"I quit thee, my child," added ſhe——"I leave thee to a world of ingratitude and deceit! But, oh! mayeſt thou eſcape the misfortunes of thy mother, and boaſt a heart more noble than thy father. Mayeſt thou never ſend the unſuſpecting virgin to the grave!——nor the curſe of guilt and perjury light upon thy head! To you," and ſhe called her ſiſter's huſband, "I commit this precious charge, for its wretched mother's ſake. Horatius, foſter and protect it; and may the bleſſing of Heaven deſcend on it, and you, when I am inſenſible and forgotten!"

Horatius

Horatius received the child; and, albeit unuſed to the melting mood, his ſoul poured forth at his eyes, while in interrupted accents he pledged his protection.

"My father," ſaid the dying Flavia to the old man, who ſtood weeping at her bedſide——"accept, my loved, my ever honoured parent, my lateſt gratitude for all your love and generoſity! Weep not for your Flavia——for her who has tainted your remaining years with bitterneſs! She is going to a better world, where there are no perjured lovers.—Live, my father, for the ſake of your other children; and rejoice that your Flavia ceaſes from her miſery. God will pardon my frailties, and claim me as his own. May he comfort and proſper you all; and bleſs——oh! may he bleſs—my child!!"

At theſe words expired the lovely Flavia. Here let me draw a veil over the ſorrow of her friends, and the concern of all who knew her and her ſad hiſtory, while I execrate that libertiniſm which ſnatched an amiable young creature from her friends, and ſent her untimely to the grave!

Thus fell poor Flavia, in the bloom of youth and beauty! ——May her ſad example inculcate in the minds of young females,—that much caution is neceſſary; for there are thoſe who earneſtly labour, with mean and unmanly art, to rob them of all that is valuable——their honour! And in our modern youths, that however, enſnared by faſhion or example, they may conſider it a glorious achievement to render an unſuſpecting female miſerable, and ruin the peace of private families; yet, that it is the higheſt ſpecies of guilt and cowardice, and that the juſt hand of Retribution will ſome time puniſh the wretch, who, under the inſidious maſk of love, perpetrates the moſt atrocious deeds of meanneſs and villany.

SARAH. A FRAGMENT.

SARAH, with tears ſtreaming down her cheeks, ſaid—"Can I hope that Heaven will hear my complaint, when a father turns his ear from it? Can I hope that charity

will relieve a child whom its mother has alſo forſaken? To what corner of this wide inhoſpitable world can I turn for ſuccour? The ſeducer is far off, or thinks not of me; perhaps exults in my undoing! Death, the terror of human kind, is deaf to my petition; and, while he lays the happy low, refuſes to grant the boon to miſery! I aſk a grave, and it is denied me! Heaven ſend me a friend!"

——"And a friend it has ſent thee," ſaid an elderly gentleman, who was taking his walks in the fields where this Unfortunate was lamenting her fate; and as he raiſed her from the ground on which ſhe knelt in deſpair——"I have heard thy complaint," ſaid he, "and will relieve thee."

He took Sarah to his home, weeping by the way as ſhe told her ſtory. It was a tale of virtue undone by the ſeductions of love; it was the hiſtory of a father; it was the cruel picture of a mother, who forced an innocent, bleeding victim to the altar of Proſtitution!

"I will ſee thy father," ſaid Acaſto; "and tell thy diſconſolate tale to thy mother, and bear thee back to thy paternal roof."

But he ſaw the father relentleſs, and told the ſad tale to the mother in vain: the door of Sarah's paternal roof was for ever ſhut againſt her.

—"Mine," ſaid Acaſto, "ſhall, however, be open to thee. I will give thee the protection thy unnatural parents deny thee. And know, that while they wear their gray hairs in ſorrow, thy auburn treſſes ſhall flow round the brow of content; and the effectual contrition of thy wounded ſpirit ſhall eſtabliſh thy happineſs for ever."

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

I CERTAINLY ſhould not trouble you with this letter, but that I cannot help flattering myſelf that it may be of ſome uſe to my fair countrywomen. I am ſorry to be obliged

to

to ſpeak of myſelf, but it is unavoidable. I muſt, therefore, obſerve, that I am an old woman, and have lived for theſe laſt twenty years ſecluded from the world, after burying an only child, who left three daughters, the eldeſt of which married a baronet; and upon her father's death, two years ago, her two ſiſters agreed to live with her.

A ſerious complaint in my eyes made it adviſeable that I ſhould conſult ſome of the faculty in London, and I received a preſſing invitation from Sir Henry and his wife to take up my reſidence in their houſe during my ſtay in the metropolis. —Being independent in my fortune, pecuniary motives could not tempt me to accept this obliging offer, but all my country friends argued ſtrongly in favour of my not refuſing it, as they ſaid that, in my half blind weak ſtate, the company and aſſiſtance of the three young women, naturally intereſted for me, would greatly tend to my recovery.

Thus prevailed upon, I ſet out on my journey, and arrived at half paſt ſix in Portman Square, where I found ſeveral coaches and chairs at the door. I confeſs, I was both flurried and diſappointed at finding company on the very firſt moment of my arrival; but, taking it for granted that it was unavoidable, I walked up to my own apartment, handed by Sir Henry, who very politely deſired me to conſider his houſe as my own. I then begged to ſee my grand-daughters; but before I had finiſhed my requeſt, in ruſhed three young ladies that I had not beheld ſince they were children.

After the firſt compliments were over, I entreated them to go and finiſh their dreſs, as I knew the company was arrived; and, in the ſimplicity of my heart, I added—"for you will catch cold, my dear girls, by your attention to your poor grandmother;" for I plainly diſcovered that they had but one petticoat on, and I imagined they were in their powdering-gowns.

This blunder of mine was explained by a loud laugh from the youngeſt, whilſt her Ladyſhip, in a ſuppreſſed tone, told me that they were full dreſſed for the Opera. It was a cold bleak evening in March, and, being old and chilly myſelf, I ab-

I abſolutely ſhuddered when I looked at them. We then parted for the night, with a promiſe on their ſide to ſpend the morning in my apartment. Accordingly, the next morning, about one o'clock, our meeting again took place; but, what with the drawing-maſters and different muſic-maſters, and the coach being ordered at three o'clock to take them out for the morning amuſements, I ſaw but little of them; but that little I found detrimental to my health, in the feeble ſtate I was in, as, during their ſtay in my room, they kept me in continual exerciſe; for, to my great ſurpriſe, I was told that it was no longer the faſhion to wear pockets, as it ſpoiled the ſymmetry of the ſhape, ſo that I had to produce from mine, ſciſſars, pencil, thimble, &c.; and, to add to my troubles, as ſoon as they returned, I had their ſilks, thread, and paper, to pick up myſelf and throw into the fire; for theſe fine ladies never allow themſelves the leaſt exertion, and I did not dare to employ my own maid (who has lived theſe five-and-twenty years with me), as I knew that ſhe was not in a very good humour with the family, as ſhe complained that ſhe was *quizzed* by the upper ſervants—an expreſſion I do not very well underſtand; but I imagine it carries ſomething very annoying in it, as ſhe uſed to be outrageous whenever ſhe mentioned the word.

I had a few morning viſitors; but as my young folks made it an invariable rule never to open their lips during their ſtay, it both added to my fatigue and embarraſſment: indeed, I found, notwithſtanding the abundance of maſters of all ſorts, they had never been taught to converſe, except in the common jargon of *bon ton* talk.

Thus you ſee, Sir, I had no aſſiſtance where I had the beſt right to expect it: and when I carried my reflection to the next generation, I could not refrain weeping over my country; for what can ſuch mothers produce, but a race of indolent, inſignificant beings! That Heaven may avert theſe forebodings, is the prayer of

AN ENGLISH MATRON.

HINTS TO YOUNG MARRIED WOMEN.

IT has often been thought, that the firſt year after marriage is the happieſt of a woman's life. We muſt firſt ſuppoſe that ſhe marries from motives of affection, or what the world calls love; and, even in this caſe, the rule admits of many exceptions, and ſhe encounters many difficulties. She has her huſband's temper to ſtudy, his family to pleaſe, houſehold cares to attend, and, what is worſe than all, ſhe muſt ceaſe to command, and learn to obey. She muſt learn to ſubmit without repining, where ſhe has been uſed to have even her looks ſtudied.

Would the tender lover treat his miſtreſs like a rational being, rather than a goddeſs, a woman's taſk would be rendered much eaſier, and her life much happier. Would the flatterer pay his devoirs to her underſtanding, rather than her perſon, he would ſoon find his account in it. Would he conſult her on his affairs, converſe with her freely upon all ſubjects, and make her his companion and friend, inſtead of flattering her beauty, admiring her dreſs, and exalting her beyond what human nature merits, for what can at beſt be only called faſhionable accompliſhments, he would find himſelf leſs diſappointed, and ſhe would wear the marriage chains with leſs impatience and difficulty. Now, can a ſenſible man expect that the poor, vain trifler, to whom he pays ſo much court, ſhould make an intelligent, agreeable companion, an aſſiduous and careful wife, a fond and anxious mother?

When a man pays court only to a woman's vanity, he can expect nothing but a faſhionable wife, who may ſhine as a fine lady, but never in the ſofter intercourſe of domeſtic endearments. How often is it owing to theſe lords of the creation, that the poor women become, in reality, what their ridiculous partiality made them ſuppoſe themſelves? A pretty method that is of improving the temper, informing the mind, engaging the affections, and exciting our eſteem for thoſe objects that we entruſt with our future happineſs!

I will

I will now give my fair friends a few hints with regard to their conduct in the moſt reſpectable of all characters—a wife, a mother, a friend. But firſt let me aſſert, and I do it with confidence, that nothing can be more falſe than the idea, that —" a reformed rake makes the beſt huſband." This is a common opinion, but it is not mine; at leaſt there are too many chances againſt it.

A libertine, by the time he can bear to think of matrimony, has little left to boaſt of but a ſhattered conſtitution, empty pockets, tradeſmen's bills, bad habits, a taſte for dreſs, and vices of every denomination. The poor wife's fortune will ſupply the rake with theſe faſhionable follies a little longer. When money, the laſt reſource, fails, he becomes peeviſh, ſour, and diſcontented; angry that ſhe can indulge him no longer, and ungrateful and regardleſs of her paſt favours.—Diſeaſe, with all her miſerable attendants, next ſteps in. Ill is he prepared, either in body or mind, to cope with pain, ſickneſs, poverty, and wretchedneſs! The poor wife has ſpent her all in ſupporting his extravagances. She may now pine in want, with a helpleſs infant crying for bread, ſhunned and deſpiſed by her friends, and neglected by her acquaintance.

This, my beloved fair, is too often the caſe with many of our ſex. The taſk of reforming a rake is much above our capacity. I wiſh our inclinations, in this inſtance, were as limited as our abilities: but, alas! we vainly imagine that we ſhall be rewarded for our reſolution, in making ſuch a trial, by the ſucceſs that will attend our undertaking.

If a young woman marries an amiable and virtuous young man, ſhe has nothing to fear; ſhe may even glory in giving up her own wiſhes to his. Never marry a man whoſe underſtanding will not excite your eſteem, and whoſe virtues will not engage your affections. If a woman once thinks herſelf ſuperior to her huſband, all authority ceaſes, and ſhe cannot be brought to obey, where ſhe thinks ſhe is ſo well entitled to command.

Sweet-

Sweetneſs and gentleneſs are a woman's eloquence; and ſometimes they are too powerful to be reſiſted, eſpecially when accompanied by youth and beauty: they are then incitements to virtue, preventives from vice, and affection's ſecurity.

Never let your brow be clouded with reſentment: never triumph in revenge. Who is it that you afflict?——the man upon earth that ſhould be deareſt to you; upon whom all your future hopes of happineſs depend. Poor the conqueſt—when our deareſt friend muſt ſuffer!—and ungenerous muſt be the heart that can rejoice in ſuch a victory.

Let your tears perſuade: theſe ſpeak the moſt irreſiſtible language with which you can aſſail the heart of man. But even theſe ſweet fountains of ſenſibility muſt not flow too often, leſt they degenerate into weakneſs, and we loſe our huſbands' eſteem and affection by the very method which was given us to inſure them.

Study every little attention in your perſon, manners, and dreſs, that you find to pleaſe. Never be negligent in your appearance becauſe you expect nobody but your huſband: he is the perſon whom you ſhould chiefly endeavour to oblige.—Always make home agreeable to him: receive him with eaſe, good humour, and cheerfulneſs; but be cautious how you enquire too minutely into his affairs abroad. Betray neither ſuſpicion nor jealouſy; appear always gay and happy in his preſence: be particularly attentive to his favourite friends, even if they intrude upon you. A welcome reception will, at all times, counterbalance indifferent fare. Treat his relations with reſpect and affection: aſk their advice in your houſehold affairs, and always follow it when you can conſiſtently with propriety.

Treat your huſband with the moſt unreſerved confidence in every thing that regards yourſelf; but never betray your friends letters or ſecrets to him: this he cannot, and indeed ought not to, expect. Be always glad to ſee him; but do not be laughed at as a fond, fooliſh wife. Confine your endearments to your own fire-ſide. Do not let the young envy you,

nor

nor the old abuſe you, for a weakneſs, which upon reflection you muſt condemn.

Theſe hints will, I hope, be of ſome ſervice to my fair countrywomen. They will, perhaps, have more weight, when they know that the author of them has been married about a year, and has often, with ſucceſs, practiſed thoſe rules herſelf which ſhe now recommends to others. Z.

ADVICE TO HUSBANDS.

BY MRS. PIOZZI.

COULD that kind of love be kept alive, through the marriage ſtate, which makes the charms of a ſingle one, the ſovereign good would no longer be to be ſought for: in the union of two faithful lovers it would be found. But reaſon ſhews us that this is impoſſible; and experience informs us that it ever muſt be ſo: we muſt preſerve it as long, and apply it as happily, as we can.

When your preſent violence of paſſion, however, ſubſides, and a more cool and tranquil affection takes its place, be not haſty to cenſure yourſelves as indifferent, or to lament yourſelf as unhappy: you have loſt that only which it was impoſſible to retain; and it were graceleſs, amidſt the pleaſures of a proſperous ſummer, to regret the bloſſoms of a tranſient ſpring. Neither unwarily condemn your bride's inſipidity, till you have recollected, that no object, however ſublime—no ſound, however charming—can continue to tranſport us with delight, when they no longer ſtrike us with novelty.—The ſkill to renovate the powers of pleaſing, is ſaid, indeed, to be poſſeſſed by ſome women in an eminent degree; but the artifices of maturity are ſeldom ſeen to adorn the innocence of youth: you have made your choice, and you ought to approve of it.

Satiety follows quick upon the heels of poſſeſſion; and, to be happy, we muſt always have ſomething in view. The perſon of your lady is already your own, and will not grow more

pleaſing

pleaſing in your eyes, I doubt, though the reſt of your ſex will think her handſome for theſe dozen years. Turn, therefore, all your attention to her mind, which will daily grow brighter by poliſhing. Study ſome eaſy ſcience together, and acquire a ſimilarity of taſtes, while you enjoy a community of pleaſures. You will, by theſe means, have many images in common, and be freed from the neceſſity of ſeparating to find amuſement. Nothing is ſo dangerous to wedded love as the poſſibility of either being happy out of the company of the other: endeavour, therefore, to cement the preſent intimacy on every ſide; let your wife never be kept ignorant of your income, your expences, your friendſhips or averſions; let her know your very faults, but make them amiable by your virtues; conſider all concealment as a breach of fidelity: let her never have any thing to find out in your character; and remember, that, from the moment one of the partners turns ſpy on the other, they have commenced hoſtility.

Seek not happineſs in ſingularity, and dread a refinement of wiſdom as a deviation into folly. Liſten not to thoſe ſages who adviſe you always to ſcorn the counſel of a woman, and, if you comply with her requeſts, pronounce you to be wife-ridden. Think not any privation, except of poſitive evil, an excellence, and do not congratulate yourſelf that your wife is not a learned lady, that ſhe never touches a card, or is wholly ignorant how to make a pudding. Cards, cookery, and learning, are all good in their places, and may be uſed with advantage.

I ſaid that the perſon of your lady would not grow more pleaſing to you; but, pray, let her never ſuſpect that it grows leſs ſo. That a woman will pardon an affront to her underſtanding much ſooner than to her perſon, is well known; nor will any of us contradict the aſſertion. All our attainments, all our arts, are employed to gain and keep the heart of man; and what mortification can exceed the diſappointment, if the end is not obtained? There is no reproof, however pointed—no puniſhment, however ſevere—that a woman of ſpirit will not prefer to neglect; and if ſhe can endure it without complaint,

it only proves that ſhe means to make herſelf amends, by the attention of others, for the ſlights of her huſband. For this, and for every reaſon, it behoves a married man not to let his politeneſs fail, though his ardour may abate; but to retain, at leaſt, that general civility towards his own lady which he is ſo willing to pay to every other, and not ſhew his wife that every man in company can treat her with more complaiſance than he who ſo often vowed to her eternal fondneſs.

It is not my opinion that a young woman ſhould be indulged in every wild wiſh of her gay heart or giddy head; but contradictions may be ſoftened by domeſtic kindneſs, and quiet pleaſures ſubſtituted in the place of noiſy ones. Public amuſements are not, indeed, ſo expenſive as is ſometimes imagined; but they tend to alienate the minds of married people from each other. A well-choſen ſociety of friends and acquaintances, more eminent for virtue and good ſenſe than gaiety and ſplendour, where the converſation of the day may afford comment for the evening, ſeems the moſt rational pleaſure we can enjoy; and to this, a game at cards, now and then, gives an additional reliſh.

A word or two on jealouſy may not be amiſs; for, though not a failing of the preſent age's growth, yet the ſeeds of it are too certainly ſown in every boſom for us to neglect it as a fault of no conſequence. If you are ever tempted to be jealous, watch your wife narrowly, but never teaze her; tell your jealouſy, but conceal your ſuſpicion; let her, in ſhort, be ſatisfied that it is only your odd temper, and even troubleſome attachment, that makes you follow her; but let her not dream that you ever doubted ſeriouſly of her virtue, even for a moment. If ſhe is diſpoſed towards jealouſy of you, let me beſeech you to be always explicit with her, and never myſterious; be above delighting in her pain; nor do your buſineſs, nor pay your viſits, with an air of concealment, when all you are doing might as well be proclaimed in the pariſh veſtry.

DOMESTIC

DOMESTIC ANIMOSITIES

GENERALLY PRODUCED FROM BADNESS OF TEMPER.

MR. EDITOR,

I AM one of thoſe unfortunate men, who, poſſeſſing no reſources of happineſs at home, are compelled by neceſſity to ſearch for it abroad; and, inſtead of concentrating my delights within the attracting focus of domeſtic duties, am forced to ſeek gratification from unſubſtantial pleaſures, until, tired and weary in the purſuit, I am ready to exclaim with the Preacher, that—"All is vanity!"

To lament a misfortune that is abſolutely irremediable, or to bewail an evil we are compelled to ſuſtain, is generally conſidered as a proof of folly or weakneſs; yet I am willing to meet the charge of imbecility, under the hope, that, by deſcribing the ſource from whence the evil flows, it may be confined within the channel of my own breaſt: and as your Publication is intended for the Improvement of the Fair, it may be the means of preventing others from experiencing a misfortune, which neither Reaſon nor Reſolution can enable *me* to ſurmount.

I am perſuaded you will agree with me, Mr. Editor, in thinking a *good* temper one of the moſt deſirable of earthly poſſeſſions: it is a kind of paſſport to happineſs, which ſtrews Misfortune's rugged path with flowers, and tries to hide the thorns which ſhe implants. This cordial to our ſorrows and cares is never adminiſtered with ſuch ſoothing efficacy as when it comes from the hand of a beloved wife, whoſe ſweetneſs of diſpoſition leads her to pity the imperfections of our rougher forms, and induces her to take the trouble of endeavouring to poliſh off thoſe little angular aſperities of nature, which Power and Education tend to give.

"But ME, not deſtin'd ſuch DELIGHTS to ſhare!"

It has been obſerved by a ſagacious Author who has written a diſquiſition upon the paſſion of *Grief*, that it could not

be attended with very *painful* emotions, or we ſhould not ſee it *cheriſhed*: and perhaps, Mr. Editor, you will be inclined to believe that my misfortunes cannot be very ſevere, when I calmly add to their weight, by ſuffering my mind to dwell upon pleaſures I can never enjoy, and paint a felicity I am never doomed to feel. But that my woes are not imaginary, or my griefs fictitious, every liberal mind will readily allow, when they are acquainted with the ſource from whence they are derived.

Permit me, then, to inform you, Sir, that, for the laſt fifteen years of my life, I have borne the unenviable title of a *Benedict*, without enjoying one of thoſe gratifications I expected it to beſtow. My wife was a fine woman, had a good fortune, and my family aſſured me would promote my happineſs. As my time was much occupied in my profeſſion, I rather ſuffered myſelf to be guided by their judgment, than to depend upon my own. I neither endeavoured to diſcover her faults, or to make trial of her temper, but united myſelf to her under the idea that ſhe would inſure my felicity, and promote my peace. Fatal error!——falſe calculation! She began her career of domeſtic duties, by totally deranging every part of my family. My ſervants, whoſe fidelity had attached me to their perſons, were all ſpeedily, though progreſſively, diſcharged, under pretence of their having taken advantage of my ignorance in domeſtic concerns, and deprived me of no inconſiderable part of my property. My houſe, which had undergone a thorough repair previous to our union, was deſtined to be altered to her taſte; and whatever I imagined would meet with her approbation, I had the mortification of finding ſhe totally diſapproved.

Though diſappointed in my hopes of happineſs, I endeavoured to conſole myſelf with the idea, that, when the houſe was completed, the ſervants all diſcharged, and every thing arranged according to my wife's ſyſtem, nothing would occur to call forth her irritability; but that I ſhould reap the fruits of my own forbearance and enjoy the ſweets of domeſtic repoſe.

Alas!

Alas! Mr. Editor, again I was diſappointed, and deſtined to endure a new ſpecies of vexation. My ſiſters (moſt amiable and affectionate beings) had inadvertently been guilty of ſome breach of inattention:—'She had married into a family who treated her with contempt; and the man who ought to revenge her injuries connived at her diſgrace!'

The diſcharge of my ſervants, and the alterations in my houſe, I ſubmitted to without complaint; but when I perceived that ſhe was ſtriking at the root of all my felicity, and attempting to deſtroy thoſe bonds which Nature had cemented, I thought it right to exert that authority which I poſſeſſed, and convince my wife that I ſhould neither ſupport her caprices, nor countenance her whims; and though ſhe brought againſt me the whole artillery of female arts, I remained firm in my determination.

This conduct, though new and unexpected, made not the leaſt impreſſion upon her temper; for, finding *I* would not interfere in her diſputes, ſhe reſolved to maintain them with more violence *herſelf*. My houſe, wherein I had expected to enjoy peace and tranquility, became a ſcene of diſcord and confuſion; and my friends, who had been in the habit of aſſembling round a cheerful board, daily declined their accuſtomed viſits. One diſh was *over*-roaſted, another *under*-boiled; and though our table teemed with plenty, there was not a ſingle article fit for her to eat. If my companions ſhoes had the leaſt particle of ſoil remaining upon them, my wife would inſtantly change colour with reſentment; and, ringing the bell with an air of fury, order the ſervant inſtantly to ſweep away the dirt.

Reſentment and remonſtrance are alike unavailing, for ſhe poſſeſſes a mind at warfare with itſelf, and a temper that can neither be counſelled nor reſtrained. For ſeveral years I attempted to ſtrive againſt the ſtream, and endeavoured to convince her that the petty trifles which diſcompoſed her mind, were in themſelves too inſignificant to deſerve a ſecond thought. On thoſe occaſions I was accuſed of wanting both gratitude and feeling; and told, that though ſhe was ſlaving

herſelf to death to preſerve my property, and prevent my ſervants from pillaging or embezzling it, I was careleſs of every thing that required caution, and unworthy the obligation I daily received.

At length, Mr. Editor, I declined oppoſition, and left her miſtreſs of the field. I am ſeldom at home, but when my buſineſs requires me; and can only experience pleaſure when abſent from my wife.

You, Sir, as a man of ſenſibility and feeling, may form ſome idea of the miſery of my ſituation, and may poſſibly condeſcend to favour me with your advice. At any rate, I flatter myſelf you will publiſh my misfortune, that the Ladies (who I underſtand are the promoters of your work) may learn the neceſſity of curbing any imperfection in their temper, unleſs they mean to marry for the purpoſe of rendering their huſbands wretched, inſtead of being the ſource from whence they ſhould derive felicity.

I am, Sir, with very great reſpect,
Your obedient humble ſervant,

Feb. 2, 1800. PETER PLACID.

FEMALE BIOGRAPHY.

AMONG the many arguments which have been advanced to recommend the ſtudy of hiſtory as a peculiar branch of female education, it has been ſaid, that it "teaches *wiſdom* without the danger of *experience*, and inſtructs us in our duty without appearing to direct."

If this argument be allowed to be impreſſive, and Hiſtory is thought both inſtructive and entertaining, may not Biography claim an equal degree of merit, and afford to its peruſer an equal portion of improvement? When a ſingle character is diſtinctly delineated, we can peruſe the outline with an eaſe and facility equal to that with which a painter copies from the original picture before his eyes: and Ariſtotle obſerves, that the ſtory of an individual (from being a ſingle object) is compre-

comprehended more fully, and attended to with greater pleaſure, than a hiſtory in which a variety of perſonages are introduced.

The ſentiments of an author ſo deſervedly admired is a ſufficient ſanction for introducing the ſtudy; and, in an age when conjugal affection appears upon the decline, it may not be inapplicable to the Editor's inſtructive plan, if I ſelect a ſtriking inſtance of the practice of that virtue from an admired and eſteemed Author.*

That Gentleman, in his deſcription of the invaſions committed by the Portugueze, mentions a ſingular inſtance of conjugal affection in a lovely woman of the name of Hota, wife of Raco, General of the Mooriſh army. The Portugueze, with an immenſe body of men, under the direction of a General whoſe name was Ataide, invaded part of the Emperor of Morocco's territories, ſubdued the army which oppoſed them, ſtormed their camp, took poſſeſſion of their treaſures, and made captives of the females which were found in the tents.

The deſtruction of his army, and the loſs of his treaſures, were circumſtances ſufficiently afflictive to the General's mind; but poverty and defeat he could with calmneſs have ſuſtained, had the invaders not robbed him of his richeſt poſſeſſion—had they left him a partner to conſole his grief, or an object on which he might place his tenderneſs; but they had deprived him of her who had conſtituted his felicity, and whoſe preſence would have illumined the gloom of adverſity.

After reflecting for ſome moments upon the miſery of Hota's ſituation, and knowing the indignities to which ſhe muſt be expoſed, every feeling in his nature was rouſed to madneſs; and, collecting together his ſcattered forces, he reſolved to reſcue her from ſlavery, or expire in the attempt.—The troops participated in the misfortunes of their chief, and,

* Mr. Murphy.

eager

eager to evince both their fidelity and valour, reſolved to conquer, or to die.

On the eve of the ſecond day they approached the conquerors, who had encamped in a valley, exhauſted by fatigue. When Hota beheld the vanquiſhed hero, fancying he had reſigned her to the power of his rival without attempting to reſcue her from his hands, her pride and affection were inſtantly alarmed; and requeſting Ataide's permiſſion to ſpeak a few words to her huſband, ſhe addreſſed him in the following agitated words:

"Oh, Raco! how often have you declared you would rather die than ſee me in the hands of your enemy; yet now that Fortune has brought me to this ignominious ſtate, you ſeem totally unconcerned! Have you forgotten your ſolemn vows? Has your courage forſaken you? Where is now your wonted valour? Ah! you cannot love me, and thus behold the ſworn enemies of your religion dragging me triumphantly into captivity!"

This affecting appeal to his courage and affection Raco anſwered in the following terms:

"Raco does *not* forget his vows; neither has he loſt his courage. Do not deſpair, my love; the day is not yet ended: there is ſtrength in my right hand; and victory is ſtill at the diſpoſal of the Supreme Being!"

Then, turning from the object of his affection, he addreſſed his diſcourſe to the companions of his fortune.

"If ever," ſaid he, "you felt the pangs of love——if Nature ever inſpired you with compaſſion for the ſufferings of innocence and beauty—— have pity on the unfortunate Hota, and preſerve my life and honour, by reſcuing her out of the hands of theſe chriſtian tyrants!——Brother ſoldiers, this day will immortalize your names! Remember, you have ſworn by the law of our high Prophet, either to die, or liberate the captive!"

The Moors, animated by this addreſs to their feelings, gave the moſt indubitable proofs of valour and attachment.—The fortune of the day was turned, and Raco encountered

and

and ſlew the Portugueze General; ſtormed his camp, routed his army, and triumphantly regained the object of his love.

Short and tranſitory was their mutual delight. A freſh body of troops attacked the chief, who, after performing various feats of valour, reſigned his love and glory with his life!

The beauteous object of his care too ſoon was told the melancholy tale, and, unable to ſuſtain the weight of her affliction, ſought a ſolace in the hero's grave. After having ſuperintended the rites of her huſband's funeral, and ſeen the utmoſt reſpect paid to his remains, ſhe ſtrenuouſly refuſed every kind of ſuſtenance, declaring, that, as ſhe was ſeparated from the object of her affection in this world, ſhe was reſolved to be re-united in that which was to come.

It is impoſſible to peruſe this affecting narrative without the livelieſt emotions of pity and admiration; and whilſt we lament the miſtaken notions of the ill-fated Hota, we cannot help wiſhing that ſome of our modern wives participated with her in conjugal affection.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

MR. EDITOR,

CALLING the other morning upon my old friend, Mr. Ladle, I found him ſurrounded by a ſet of people, with whom I little expected to find him engaged at his advanced time of life. There was a ſmart French hair-dreſſer, waiting with all the compliments of his profeſſion, ready to ſeize on the almoſt laſt lock of hair which, like father Time, my friend had left on his forehead; while a faſhionable tailor was going to try on a ſtuffed ſhoulder, puckered-ſleeved ſtraight-cut coat, buff waiſtcoat, and blue embroidered pantaloons. Mr. H——by was upon his knees, ſqueezing the old fellow's toes into a pair of narrow Huſſar boots, which ſo execrably pinched him, that he roared out luſtily with the anguiſh: the unfeeling ſon of Criſpin ſwore, at the ſame time, that

that they were perfectly eaſy, and that he had never finiſhed a neater piece of work in his life.

I perceived the old gentleman's colour riſe, at being thus caught in a ſituation, which I could not but think he well knew to be a truly ridiculous one. Ordering, therefore, Mr. H—— by to take off his boots, and call again the next day, he diſmiſſed the reſt of his levee, even his friſſeur, though it was uncertain when he could have him again, as people of his *uſeful* and moſt *neceſſary* occupation are not always to be had at a moment's warning. So prodigiouſly, indeed, are they employed, ſo many engagements have they upon their hands, that a lady has been known to wait ſeveral hours before her head has been fit to appear in public; and has even been obliged to ſtay at home, merely for want of her hair-dreſſer's powerful aſſiſtance, to enable her to ſhew her face at a rout or ball.

But to return to the poor old man. He was really aſhamed of his folly, though unwilling to own it. Pitying him exceedingly, and being apprehenſive that I might not, perhaps, be able to convince him of the extreme impropriety of his conduct, by making an oppoſition to his proceedings, till I was fully acquainted with the motives by which he was ſtimulated to act in ſo prepoſterous a manner, I began with telling him, that I ſaw he employed a clever ſet of people about his toilet; and aſked him what ceremonious viſit he was going to make, that required ſo much preciſion in his dreſs.

"Oh," replied he, "my preparations are not for one viſit, but for ſeveral; and, if you will not laugh at me, I will tell you———I am going to be married, at laſt, I hope, to one of the fineſt girls in town! You will, ſurely, allow, therefore, that I ought to make a ſuitable appearance. A vaſt deal, you muſt be ſenſible, depends on the firſt view!—If I can but ſtrike her at once, you know, my buſineſs is done."

A burſt of laughter, which I could not ſuppreſs, at the delivery of this curious ſpeech, almoſt ſtaggered my friend; and I believe he did not know whether my ſincerity, or that of

of his miſtreſs, was the moſt queſtionable. Reſuming, however, my former ſerioufneſs, I told him, that I thought I was quite lucky in calling upon him, as I might have it in my power (having been once in the ſame predicament myſelf) to give him ſome uſeful hints. ——Taken in—fairly hummed—by this ſpeech, he actually began to conſult me about bruſhing up his old battered carcaſs.

——" A man, you know, would chuſe to make the very beſt of himſelf upon ſuch an occaſion."

" Certainly," replied I, taking up his waiſtcoat, which the tailor had left in a chair: ——" but this fellow has, I ſee, miſled you already."

" Ay!" cried he——" how—how? In what way?—But, to be ſure, it is very poſſible. I have neglected my perſon ſo long, that I hardly know what is the faſhion."

" Oh," replied I, " you ſhall be ſet right in a moment.—This waiſtcoat ſhould not have any buttons before; they are quite out; it muſt be faſtened entirely behind, and have only a taſſel on the breaſt. Beſides, the colour of your coat, though faſhionable enough for a man who makes no pretenſions to dreſs, is not ſo proper for a *lover*: he ſhould be diſtinguiſhed by a *ſmothered ſigh!*"

" My dear fellow," exclaimed the old ſimpleton, " is there really ſuch a colour as a *ſmothered ſigh?*—and, don't you play upon me now?"

" Not I, indeed: I was never more in earneſt. It is a new colour, juſt imported from Paris, and, like a ſigh, cannot be deſcribed. Your tailor can get it in a minute."

" Ay, and ſo he ſhall!" cried he, attempting to cut a caper upon his crippled feet. " But, do ſtay, and ſee if I have all my things right. I expect Mr. Dumergue every moment, to put me in four new teeth; and Mr. Jenkins, the dancing-maſter, is to teach me the *heel and toe*, and to give me a few attitudes."

No ſooner had he uttered theſe words than Jenkins entered the room. After having bowed, and ſaid that he hoped he did not interrupt us, my old man replied—

" No,

"No, no;——Mr. Razor is my particular friend, and knows all. I am quite ready to take my leſſon. I think I had got no further than the *approach* the laſt time you were here."

"That's but a ſmall advance as a Lover," ſaid I.

"Oh, Sir," anſwered Jenkins, "Mr. Ladle takes ſo much pains, that I dare ſay he will be able to dance a *reel* with the lady in leſs than a fortnight."

As ſoon as the dancing-maſter had finiſhed his inſtructions, the dentiſt made his appearance, aſſuring his cuſtomer that he had brought him four of the whiteſt teeth that ever graced a human jaw.

My friend made a wry face at this information. However, he ſubmitted to the operation in queſtion, though I plainly perceived he felt as if his face was fixed in a frame. In ſhort, when the little gray hair he had upon his pate was twiſted in a queue, ſomewhat reſembling a pig's tail; when his Huſſar boots were dragged on with the greateſt difficulty, and endured with the greateſt pain,—he began to feel ſo unhappy at being put ſo entirely out of his way, that, I am almoſt ſure, nothing but the dread of hearing a ſecond burſt of laughter from me prevented him from parting with all the faſhionable decorations of his perſon; nay, even his miſtreſs alſo, and his teeth into the bargain, in order to recover eaſe in his old clothes, and to reſt himſelf in his night-cap, gown, and ſlippers, in his arm-chair. Dreading, however, to be the jeſt of his friend, it never entered his head that he would certainly appear in the moſt ridiculous light to the girl, for whom he had converted himſelf into ſo complete a fool.

He now rang for his chariot, and aſked, if he ſhould ſet me down? I aſſented. While the horſes were putting to, he made a thouſand grimaces; firſt lifting up one leg, then the other, like a bear learning to dance upon a hot iron. I really felt ſome compaſſion; and, obſerving that he did not ſeem to be in ſpirits, I told him—"I was afraid his finery did not ſit well upon him; adding, that I thought he had better have gone a wooing in his old clothes."

"Ay,"

"Ay," cried he, "there's no doubt of that. But do you think the girl would have me in them?"

"I ſhall anſwer your queſtion," replied I, "with another —Do you think you ſhall be contented to dreſs in this manner the reſt of your days?"

"Oh, no, no!" replied he eagerly——"no, no!—— When once I have my miſtreſs ſure, I will throw off all this frippery, and live as I did before."

"But will you not," ſaid I, "by ſo doing, impoſe upon the lady, in appearing after marriage a different man? You cannot, after ſuch a palpable deception, expect her to be conſtant to you: you will not be the ſame man; and ſhe may, availing herſelf of the duplicity of your appearance, plead,—that having loved two different men in one, ſhe may be at liberty to love two hundred upon the ſame principle."

"Deteſtable principle!" exclaimed the old genius, with a revival of his former ſpirit. "No, no!—when once I have made her my wife, let me alone to keep her conſtant—never fear that."

The chariot now came to the door: our dialogue was interrupted. My ſuperannuated lover drove off with as much courage to take a young wife, as firm reſolution to manage her.

Feb. 1800. OLD RAZOR.

ON CONVERSATION.

EVERY body wiſhes to be agreeable in converſation; but frequent attempts to ſhine in it produce diſpleaſure. To be really ſucceſsful requires a cautious uſe of the advantages we poſſeſs, and to guard againſt exceſs; for it is of the eſſence of converſation, that every member in company ſhould have an opportunity of ſpeaking in turn. When the ball comes to us we ſhould paſs it to our neighbour. We muſt alſo learn to diſcard ſubjects not ſuited to our ſociety; to

adapt our diſcourſe to its character; not to talk of the ſciences to women; or of furbelows to men of ſcience.

We are all, more or leſs, ſubject to take a wrong bias, and to contract certain habits of which we afterwards find it difficult to diveſt ourſelves. The following are ſome of the principal. In the firſt place it is not uncommon to ſee many who know not how to ſay any thing without exceſſive grimace and geſticulation. Theſe are a kind of harlequins, who muſt be permitted to act a pantomime before their mirrors, and who have a maſk ready for every occaſion; or they may be ranked with buffoons, who expreſs themſelves by imitative geſtures; but, like bad painters, are obliged to write the names of their pictures, that people may know what they are intended to repreſent.

After theſe come your fine orators, your emphatic ſpeakers, who delight in their ſonorous periods, and dwell on monoſyllables, as if nothing could fall from their lips that was not of the greateſt weight and importance.

Whiſperers, a ſpecies of people who deal in little chit-chat words, uttered with a hiſſing ſound, too low to be diſtinctly heard, occupy the rank immediately next.

To theſe ſucceed your ſtentorian ſpeakers, who aſk you how you do with the tone of a public crier.

There is a kind of light, babbling converſation, which may ſuit very well the flexible and delicate organ of a fine woman. But this little jargon does not become the voice of a man, which ſhould correſpond with the robuſtneſs of his frame and the boldneſs of his nature.

There are ſome people who have habitual phraſes, which they are conſtantly introducing, often mal-à-propos; and others, who treat the moſt trifling with as much ſolemnity as the moſt ſerious ſubjects. We alſo ſee many who are aſtoniſhed at every thing, and expreſs ſurprize if they only aſk what hour it is.

In fine, we meet thouſands as frugal of their words as others are prodigal, and who ſeldom articulate, but—yes, or no.

The

The relations of men in ſociety, ariſing from converſation, eſſentially diſtinguiſh them from the brute creation. We ought, then, to endeavour to draw every poſſible advantage from the gift of ſpeech, and to improve it to the utmoſt of our power; to conſider the tongue as the organ of the underſtanding: to guard particularly againſt its debaſement by making it the inſtrument of Vice or Folly; and to ſtrive to diveſt ourſelves of thoſe habits which tend to depreciate this grand prerogative of human kind.

ON THE FOLLY OF ASSUMING AN EXTERIOR THAT BELIES OUR REAL CHARACTER.

PUELLA is handſome, well educated, and well dreſſed, and poſſeſſed of ſo many good qualities, that her own ſex ſpare no pains to traduce her. Puella, with the diſpoſition of an angel, gives us reaſon to believe ſhe would wiſh to be thought the woman of high faſhion. The world have formed an idea, from the exterior behaviour and appearance of Puella, that ſhe loves flirting and coquetry; that her ſole ſtudy is the ornament of her perſon; that her pleaſures conſiſt in being admired in public places; that ſhe has no notion of wedlock, but what pleaſure it will bring; and that a coach and ſix are the idols of her idolatry; that a fop is her worſhip, and tittle-tattle nonſenſe her general converſation. Now, inſtead of having a trait of this colouring about her, ſhe is ſenſible and modeſt, good-natured and polite. A country-life and a cottage, with a plain ſenſible man, are what ſhe covets, and what ſhe prefers to every thing gilded, gaudy, or giddy. By this portrait we ſee, that Puella is not, in reality, the leaſt like the character the world believes her to be. She is, in a few words,

"Completely elegant——completely fair:
"She's Virtue's honour, and the Graces' care."

Nay, we may ſing of her with the old ſong—

" To think that a beauty ſo gay,
" So kind, and ſo conſtant would prove;
" To go clad, like our maidens, in gray,
" And live in a cottage on love."

Such is Puella; a jewel for every man to value, and a valuable friend to ſociety.

There ſeems to be an abſurd paſſion univerſally prevalent, which is,—to be always thought what we are not; and thus we are in a continual warfare againſt ourſelves. If Miſs Kitty Ogle has the ſweeteſt blue eyes, ſhe is hourly pining for Polly Peacock's black ones. If Miſs Jenkins has the moſt beautiful auburn hair, ſhe dies with envy for the golden treſſes of Charlotte Carrot; and while Di Giggle poſſeſſes the moſt pleaſing aquiline noſe, ſhe laments the hook of it, and wiſhes to have the ſmart little turn-up noſe of Maria Snivel.

The men are as ill pleaſed with their perſons and geniuſes as the women; and are ever ſtudious and deſirous to be thought what they are not. The young merchant laments the drudgery of mercantile affairs, and thinks no life is ſo happy as the player's. The player damns his hard fortune, that dooms him to fret his hour upon the ſtage, and envies the ſnug retreat of the country gentleman. The ruſtic ſquire anxiouſly ſighs for the town, and thinks the life of a man of faſhion one circle of uninterrupted joy. The ſoldier repines at the luxury and eaſe of a parſon's life; and thinks with the epicurean, *nihil beatum, niſi quod quietum.* The prieſt ſometimes is fretful and peeviſh, forgets the religion he profeſſes, condemns the abſurdity of form and decorum, and wiſhes to be a layman, for an uninterrupted indulgence of the paſſions. Men of Genius, proficients in peculiar walks wherein Nature hath moſt bountifully beſtowed her aid, are equally ridiculous and extravagant. We had an inſtance of this in the late Mr. Hogarth, who was the firſt caricature painter of his time; and yet he wanted to be thought a capital portrait painter, till Mr. Churchill ſeverely convinced him of his error:—

" Doth

" Doth Sigiſmunda now devoted ſtand
" The helpleſs victim of a Dauber's hand!"

In ſhort, it is with men of wit and genius as it is with beautiful women: what they perfectly poſſeſs goes for nothing; they want to be thought what in reality they are not.

PROPOSALS FOR OPENING

A REGISTER-OFFICE FOR BEAUTY;

Or, REPOSITORY for FEMALE CHARMS.

MR. EDITOR,

THROUGH the medium of your excellent and widely-circulated Muſeum, I beg leave to ſtate, that I have procured, with infinite labour and expenſe, the choiceſt collection of all the ſeveral articles requiſite for mending, patching, reſtoring, improving, and ſupplying every female perfection. I have alſo engaged the moſt ingenious artiſts in the different branches of this uſeful profeſſion, and mean ſhortly to open an office at the Court end of the town.

I have provided all the different aſſortments of lilies and roſes, to ſuit every complexion. I have laid in a conſiderable ſtock of unguents, coſmetics, and beautifying paſtes. I have the fineſt tinctures to colour the hair, the brighteſt red ſalve for foul lips, and the ſweeteſt perfumes for ſtinking breaths.—I ſhall ſell Mr. ————'s fine compound (at a guinea an ounce), to take off all ſuperfluous hair, without the leaſt prejudice to the tendereſt complexion; as likewiſe the grand anti-maculating tincture, to remove pimples, ſun-burns, or freckles.

I have various ſhapes ready fitted up, of all ſizes; with all ſorts of cuſhions, plumpers, and bolſters, to hide any defects. I have a curiouſly-contrived engine for pulling out wry necks, for ſtrengthening bandy legs, and for ſtretching or cramping them, with the feet, arms, hands, &c., if too ſhort, or too

long. I have alſo a machine for reducing crooked backs, or flattening round ſhoulders.

I have artificial brilliants of all waters, whether for the bright eye, the dead eye, the piercing eye, the ſleepy eye, the bold eye, the ſwimming eye, &c. I have hired a French oculiſt to put them into any ladies' ſockets, from whence he will take out, with very little pain, the ſquinny eye, the wall eye, the goggle eye, and all others. Hairs are plucked out of the forehead by pincers, and the ſmootheſt mouſe eye-brows, of all colours, put on by him in their room, with the niceſt exactneſs.

Mr. ———, the dentiſt, has engaged to draw teeth at my office, and to put in a new ſet of the beſt poliſhed ivory.—A noted chin-turner will attend every day, to ſhave, plane, and mount chins, to any cock deſired: he will alſo neatly piece, join, and glue on artificial ones, if wanted.

I have imported a great-grand-daughter of profeſſor *Taliacotius*, who pares, ſcrapes, grinds, and new-models over-grown noſes; cuts off crooked or flat ones to the ſtumps, and engrafts new ones on the roots of them.

I apply a particular ſticking-plaiſter to the face, which takes off the whole ſkin; and then I rub it over with a beautifying liquor, which adds a new gloſs to it; and afterwards I paint it, as natural as the life, to any pattern of complexion. I peel off the finger-nails, and flay the entire hand in the ſame manner, which, in a month's time, makes them as white as hanging them in a ſling, or the wearing of dog's ſkin gloves can render them in a twelvemonth. As for thoſe who are hindered from dancing, by corns of any ſort, or toe-nails grown into the fleſh, a moſt famous corn-doctor has promiſed to cure them; as (according to his advertiſement) ſeveral of the Royal Family, and a great many perſons of the higheſt diſtinction, have experienced.

I cut dimples into the grain, which never wear out. I ſlit the lips open on each ſide if too narrow, and ſew them up when they are too wide, with ſuch niceneſs, that the ſeams are imperceptible. I no leſs dextrouſly fine-draw, or darn, wrinkles

wrinkles of any ſtanding; and fill up all dents, chaps, or holes made by the ſmall-pox, with a new-invented powder. I have a thin diet-drink to bring down the over-plump to a proper gentility of ſlimneſs, and a nouriſhing kind of jelly for the improvement of the ſcraggy. In ſhort, I am poſſeſſed of many other equally valuable ſecrets, on which I ſhall enlarge more particularly hereafter, in my printed bills, to be diſperſed over the three kingdoms.

Ladies are waited upon at their own houſes, by their very humble ſervant,

ELIZABETH MENDALL.

CELEBRATED BRITISH LADIES,

FROM THE 13TH TO THE COMMENCEMENT OF THE 19TH CENTURY.

NO. X.

CATHERINE TISHEN.

OF what family this lady was, who were her parents, or when ſhe was born, we are entirely ignorant, nor do we know when ſhe died. But of this we are certain, that ſhe was a great linguiſt, and that ſhe not only underſtood the French and Italian, but was exceedingly well ſkilled in Latin, and ſo perfectly verſed in the Greek language that ſhe could read Galen in that tongue, which few phyſicians are able to do. She was married to Gualtherus Gruter, a burgo maſter of Antwerp, about the middle of the 16th century; by whom ſhe had the celebrated James Gruter, a learned philoſopher, and one of the moſt indefatigable writers of his age, who was born at Antwerp, Dec. 3, 1560. But being perſecuted for the Proteſtant religion by the Ducheſs of Parma, governeſs of the Netherlands, ſhe brought him into England, about the year 1565. Balthaſar Venator obſerves, to her honour, that ſhe was her ſon's chief inſtructor. He was of the univerſity of Cambridge; but going from thence to Leyden, in 1579, about the nineteenth year of his age, it it probable that his mother died in that year.

JANE

JANE, COUNTESS OF WESTMORLAND,

Was the eldeſt daughter of Henry Earl of Surry, eldeſt ſon of Thomas Duke of Norfolk (beheaded in the life-time of his father, January 19, 1546-7), by Frances, his wife, daughter to John Earl of Oxford; and was married to Charles Earl of Weſtmorland, by whom ſhe had four daughters, Catherine, Eleanor, Margaret, and Anne, who were all married. This ingenious lady made ſuch a ſurpriſing progreſs in the Latin and Greek tongues, under the inſtruction of Mr. Fox, the martyrologiſt, that, as Mr. Samuel Fox in the life of his father has aſſured us, her ſkill in thoſe languages was ſuch, that ſhe might well ſtand in competition with the moſt learned men of the age. The latter part of her life was rendered very unhappy by the miſconduct of her huſband; who, unmindful of his duty to his prince, engaged in an inſurrection in the north, A.D. 1569, for which being charged in parliament, he was adjudged a traitor; in conſequence of which his goods and lands were confiſcated, and himſelf adjudged to ſuffer death, which he prevented by eſcaping beyond ſea, where he long lived in exile, in a poor miſerable condition, and died in an advanced age.

ON THE MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL EXCELLENCE OF THE FAIR SEX.

[In a Letter from a Lady to a Gentleman, occaſioned by a Converſation on the Character and Conduct of Queen Elizabeth.]

" My good Friend,

" SHALL I confeſs to you, that, on reflecting upon the converſation of laſt night, relative to the abilities and conduct of Queen Elizabeth, I was much ſurpriſed at one poſition advanced by you—' that if there were upon record one inſtance where the female mind approached towards the ſuperiority of the manly character, it was to be found in her.' Shall I conclude, from this aſſertion, that your opinions of the

the natural equality subsisting between the two sexes with respect to mental endowments is changed? or have I hitherto been mistaken in believing that such were your sentiments?

"Now, leaving Elizabeth out of the dispute (whom, if duplicity, treachery, and tyranny, be virtues amongst men, I allow to have possessed the true manly character), I beg to be informed in what the boasted superiority of your sex consists? Greater, or equal, bodily strength, we of this age and country will not dispute with you; nor that, in consequence of this endowment, you have attained to be our rulers and legislators; to fix what value you please upon those pursuits in which you have chosen to engage, and to stamp with degradation those offices and employments which you have assigned to us. I will neither insist upon your crossing the Atlantic to observe amongst the Esquimaux women (whose natural robustness is equal to that of the men, and whose contempt of danger is, perhaps, superior to that of the hardiest European), nor will I enumerate the names of those illustrious women, in our section of the globe, who have rivalled you in every branch of science and literature. I wish to call your attention, not to particular instances, but to mankind in general; and then to ask you, whether those qualities which Nature, education, and custom, have allotted to women, are, in the eye of unprejudiced reason, less useful, or less virtuous, than those which the men have appropriated to themselves? If they are not, where is the inferiority of women,—in what respect are they less honourable,—and, in what consists your vaunted greatness? Is it in bodily strength? —there we allow your superiority. Is it in boldness and courage?—there, too, we disclaim all pretensions. Is it in all those arts which meliorate, improve, and embellish life?—pardon me if I say, we cannot there allow you an equality.

"The truth is, we are both imperfect beings; and Plato, in his beautiful fable, compliments us, perhaps too highly, when he supposes the best qualities of both sexes conjoined, would make a perfect creature! We have each our peculiar excellences; we have each our peculiar defects; we have each our peculiar

peculiar allotments. We pretend not to the glory of deſtroying the human race, nor delight in the fields of carnage and ſlaughter! Nor do we aſpire to the merit of negotiating ſelfiſh and illiberal ſyſtems of policy, or forming plans for the deſolation and conqueſt of neighbouring empires. In the acquiſitions of ſcience, we confeſs that your ſuperior advantages of education, and favourable circumſtances for improvement, raiſe you above us; yet, when we allow this, we muſt aſſert, that our natural rights, and our natural abilities, are quite equal to yours. To your corporeal ſtrength we oppoſe our gentleneſs; to your boldneſs in encountering difficulties, our fortitude in ſuſtaining them; and to your ſuperior advantages of education, our docility, our vivacity, and, in general, our taſte and delicacy.

"Take, then, all the ſuperiority you have to boaſt of—your ſtrength, which enables you to traverſe the ocean, and to endure the rigours of the moſt inclement ſkies, in the purſuit of ambition or avarice. Take thoſe mental acquirements, in which Nature formed us to excel; and in which, in defiance of every diſcouragement and difficulty that a confined or perverted education places in our way, many of our ſex have riſen to deſerved eminence. Take your boaſted learning, which too frequently inflates you with arrogance, or depreſſes you with the weight of faſtidiouſneſs. Take your ungoverned paſſions, your power to rule, and your licence to commit evil without reſtraint. Take, too, all the *demi-men* of ancient or modern ſtory, whoſe names are recorded in earthly annals, and range on your ſide Semiramis, Boadicea, Queen Elizabeth, and Catherine II. Give to us the credit of thoſe millions of virtuous women whoſe names are written in Heaven. —— Grant to us our patience under affliction—our fortitude, I had almoſt ſaid our magnanimity, in ſuffering—our gentleneſs—our tenderneſs—our ſubdued or well-regulated paſſions—and our virtuous conduct. Allow us theſe, and we can feel no inferiority. Our departments in the world are, indeed, indifferent; but if well filled, equally great and reſpectable. We have an equal claim to the honours and happineſs

of

of this life, and ſhall be equal partakers in that which is to come.

"I ſhall only add to ſo ſermonical a concluſion, the aſſurance, that I am, your *Man-ſhip*'s ſincere friend,

E. T.

CENTO AND CLIMENE;

OR, THE FEMALE SEX NOT THE WEAKEST.

"I KNOW not," ſaid Cento, "any thing ſo weak, ſo vain, and contemptible, as thoſe fantaſtic creatures called Women; who, fond of themſelves, endeavour to pleaſe with no other view than to exert a tyrannic power over the weak wretch who has fallen into their cobweb nets: I ſay *weak* wretch,—for their airs and their alluring arts are all loſt upon men of ſenſe; who, like Æſop's ſwallow, break through the web wrought to confine them, without being ſenſible that any ſuch attempt was made upon their liberty. A woman, if you endeavour to pleaſe her, immediately proves that you have undertaken to waſh the Ethiopian white: you may as well undertake to make a coat to fit the moon, which is always changing; and if you neglect or croſs her, ſhe is as loud as a Turkiſh drum, as boiſterous as a north-eaſt wind, and as revengeful as a diſturbed neſt of hornets. To embelliſh themſelves, and depreciate others, are their chief ſtudies: they are a compoſition of vanity and ill-nature; they are a very paradox, covetous and extravagant. In a word, they are ſo great a nuiſance, ſo great an obſtacle to the repoſe of the world, that I think with a certain philoſopher,—that it would have been a great happineſs, if the gods had found out ſome other means for continuing our ſpecies. Of what miſchiefs have they not been productive!—how many ſtates have they ſubverted!—how many noble enterprizes have they rendered abortive!—how many——."

Here Climene interrupted him, by ſaying——"Cento, I cannot in good-nature but warn you, that you are unaware running into encomiums upon us. You indeed look upon us as

as very weak creatures; but at the ſame time you are going to prove us a great deal ſuperior to that lord-like ornament of the creation,— *Man*. You yourſelf have courted the ſmiles, and apprehended the frowns, of this deſpicable part of the creation; and I have ſeen you as much upon your guard before Roſinda as if your life depended, in earneſt (as you have often proteſted), upon her good opinion of you. But, not to digreſs from the ſubject you were upon,—the enumeration of the evils which our ſex have occaſioned: to what are they owing, but to the abſolute dominion which we exerciſe over your's?—ſuch, that hardly is there any great or even trifling enterprize which is not animated by ſome woman: a woman either gives birth to, carries on, or concludes the moſt notable. If, then, we are ſo weak, and therefore contemptible, are not you equally or more deſpicable, for that weakneſs which you diſcover towards us? We can influence the deſigns of the deepeſt politicians; and hiſtory can ſhew you men who would ſacrifice their country, their honour, their conſcience, to purchaſe the approbation of a woman! Philoſophers will diſcard their ſeverity to gain the ſmiles of a woman! A woman can diſarm the greateſt hero; and, what is ſtill more, woman can make the covetous prodigal; can make him laviſh his gold who paid the price of his ſoul to obtain it. One look from a woman ſhall make that man tremble, whoſe frowns would ſtrike terror in a whole nation: her eyes can triumph over the moſt fixed reſolves, and by a tender glance prove too ſtrong for habitual virtue. When once a woman has poſſeſſion of the heart of a man, he will heſitate at nothing, regard nothing, ſpare nothing, to content her; nay, ſo abſolute is our power, that we can change the nature of your's; take from you the ſword, and arm your hand with a diſtaff: you are little better than machines, which we, by the ſprings of our affection, can wind and turn as we think fit; we can ſink your joy into grief, or enliven the afflicted. It is woman that poliſhes the ruſticity of Nature, and can make a beau of a ſloven, a reaſonable man of a pedant, and the moſt indolent aſſiduous. What man was ever yet raiſed

to

to that height of grandeur as to think it below him to ſue to woman? What tongue ever refuſed our praiſe? As we have this empire over your ſex, you cannot pretend to hold us in contempt, but at the ſame time you prove that you are the moſt contemptible: your ſatires and invectives are only ſo many monuments of your ſubjection: like a ſubdued nation, you may rail in private at the weight of the yoke which your conquerors have impoſed, but you will never be able to ſhake it off while you tremble at their ſight. If Roſinda was here, I ſhould have the pleaſure to hear you recant every word you have ſaid.

"But what advantages can you claim over us? We have a ſtrength of reaſon equal to your's: we can attain the knowledge of the moſt difficult arts and ſciences with at leaſt an equal facility. Indeed, you are of a more robuſt form; yet it is in our power to manage that ſtrength you boaſt of; and the beauty of our ſex is given to govern your's. You cannot vaunt a courage beyond our's. Your friendſhip or love is not ſo unalterable. Your virtue we can overthrow with a kind look, and our's will ſtand firm againſt all your aſſiduity: you may vainly beſiege us; neither time nor artifice will get the better of a virtuous woman. If, then, there is a difference between us, you muſt own it is glorioufly on our ſide, as our reſolution is far ſurpaſſing your's. We do not yield to you in any endowments of the mind; and you confeſs we ſurpaſs you in the beauty of our form.

"I know not by what barbarous policy we were firſt debarred the improvements of our mind by ſtudy, and our time employed about trifles, while your ſex has every advantage of this kind: but I can impute it to your jealouſy only. It is to this injuſtice of your ſex that you ought to attribute the greater part of us being pleaſed with follies, and accuſtomed to utter them: but how many of your ſex do we every day hear talk as idly, and ſay things which move the compaſſion of thoſe who have made a better uſe of their education?—Had we the ſame pains and care taken of us, we ſhould find, I fancy, more excellent philoſophers among the women than

among the men. We have equalled the greateſt among you, and have publicly taught thoſe who have, under our care, become famous for their erudition; and you have among you a pretty happy number who can rival the moſt inconſiderable of our's in indolence, ignorance, affectation, dreſs, detraction, and garrulity."

It was agreed that Climene had fairly proved that men were the weaker ſex; and that the concluſion was undeniable,——if weakneſs was the ground of contempt, we muſt conſequently be the moſt contemptible of the two.

Cento, both confuſed and angry, ſaid we were partial judges; that Climene argued from a principle which he denied, viz.,—that they had a power to make fools of us, which was falſe; that if it was true in ſome particulars, as in Marc Antony, Alexander, Sampſon, Solomon, and ſome others, which ſhe might make a parade of, as being attacked in drunken fits, unguarded moments, and old age; that it was not juſt to conclude from particulars to generals. For his part, he never was nor ever would be a woman's machine; that he had, indeed, a regard for Roſinda, but it proceeded rather from her maſculine ſenſe than female beauty, which did not paſs the epiderme, and would be blown off with the revolution of a few ſuns; and to think otherwiſe of him would be entertaining as mean an opinion of his ſenſe, as he had a contemptible one of thoſe vain talking things, who have ſo great a dependance on the power of their own charms. Saying this, he left the room in a paſſion, which threw the company into a fit of laughter.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE LADY'S MONTHLY MUSEUM.

SIR,

BEING at a ſea-port town, in the North, during a heavy ſtorm, and witneſs to ſeveral wrecks, wherein numbers periſhed, and but few were ſaved, I wrote the following, whilſt it raged.

See!

See!——thoſe veſſels on the watery waſte; they ſeem to riſe, as it were, on the ſummit of a mountain, and are daſhed in a moment into the valley beneath. How tremendous! —how awful! If this does not raiſe our adoration to God, who is the cauſe of the whole, what can?—He who is able, in the twinkling of an eye, to calm its foaming billows; to do which, all the power of nations, yea, that of all the world, would be of no avail! Witneſs the poor mortals who are now toſſed upon its troubled ſurface; hundreds of whom are daily hurled into its devouring jaws, in the midſt of a wicked career! See them praying to the Lord, with piteous moans and cries, for their deliverance from the perils which ſurround them. But mark;——thoſe very men, if they ſhould happen to arrive in ſafety at the "wiſhed-for port," will immediately deliver themſelves up to every kind of debauchery, inſtead of returning thanks to the Almighty!—Can they expect their prayers to be heard by the Great Omnipotent Ruler of events in the time of trouble? But here let me drop the curtain. He who rules and governs all, ought to be, and will be, the only judge.

"The great Lord God, th' Omnipotent above,
"Rules his own image with a rod of *Love!*"

Bolton, 1800. W. S. W.

ON THE USE OF WHITE PAINT.

AT a time when the uſe of White Paint ſeems to be ſo generally prevalent, particularly on the ſtage, it may not be amiſs, for the information of actreſſes, and others of our fair readers, to publiſh the ſentiments of Mademoiſelle Clairon (the French Actreſs) upon the ſubject.

"The uſe of white paint is almoſt general upon the ſtage. —This borrowed charm, of which no one is the dupe, and which all agree in condemning, ſpoils and diſcolours the complexion, weakens and dims the eye-ſight, abſorbs the whole

countenance, conceals the expreſſive motions of the muſcles, and produces a kind of contradiction between what we hear and what we ſee.

"I would rather we ſhould have recourſe to the cuſtom of uſing maſks, like thoſe of the ancients: there would be at leaſt this advantage,—that the time thrown away in painting the face might be employed in improving the delivery.

"Is it poſſible that an actreſs, whoſe countenance is enamelled with paint, and conſequently incapable of any motion, can give expreſſion to the paſſions of rage, terror, deſpair, love, or anger?

"Every emotion of the ſoul is expreſſed through the medium of the countenance; the extenſion of the muſcles, the ſwelling of the veins, the bluſh upon the face, all evince thoſe inward emotions without which great talents cannot diſplay themſelves. There is no character in which the expreſſion of the countenance is not of the utmoſt importance: to feel a character, and to ſhew by the motions of the countenance that the ſoul is agitated by what it feels, is a talent of equal conſequence in an actreſs with any ſhe can poſſeſs.

"It is by the countenance alone that you can diſtinguiſh between irony and jeſt.

"A voice more or leſs raiſed or depreſſed, or more or leſs tremulous, is inſufficient to expreſs ſuch or ſuch a ſentiment of terror, or ſuch or ſuch a ſentiment of fear. The countenance alone is enabled to mark its degrees.

"I am not againſt giving every aſſiſtance to Nature. I have often myſelf borrowed aſſiſtance, generally labouring under an ill ſtate of health; yet, unremitting in my labours, the paleneſs of death was often upon my countenance. I had remarked in others, that nothing was ſo injurious to the expreſſion of the features as having pale lips, or pale ears. A little art gave them the appearance of florid health. I darkened the colour of my eye-brows, as the character I was to perform required. I did the ſame thing to my hair, with different coloured powders; but far from concealing, in the leaſt degree, thoſe features which give animation and expreſ-

ſion

ſion to the whole countenance, I have ever made the anatomy of the head my particular ſtudy, in order that I might thereby be enabled to diſpoſe it in poſitions moſt calculated to diſplay it to advantage.*

"A white ſkin is doubtleſs agreeable; it communicates a charm to the whole figure; it imparts an air of greater ſprightlineſs and animation; the blue veins it diſcovers are always conſidered as beauties.

"But that whiteneſs which is acquired by paint covers the countenance with a thick enamel, which conceals and deſtroys every feature. The pores are filled with the pernicious ingredients of which the paint is compoſed, and the fear the perſon who wears it is conſtantly under of deranging it by too much action, compels her to keep her face always in one poſture. Beſides, I know no kind of coquetry more troubleſome, humiliating, or uſeleſs: whoever has recourſe to it is always afraid of being ſurpriſed before her face is made up.—She cannot refer to herſelf any compliment that may be paid her; and I again repeat that it is a cuſtom of which no one is the dupe."

CHANGES IN FRENCH FASHIONS.

FROM THE FRENCH OF M. POUCE. 1789.

[Concluded from p. 217.]

OBSERVATIONS.

WITH the Ladies' permiſſion, we will now offer them ſome obſervations on the advantages and diſadvantages; and we will begin with the head-ornaments, as being the *primum mobile* of coqueting.

The head-dreſs, being only acceſſory, whenever it exceeds the length of the face, has a diſagreeable effect; and this ill

* Thoſe who have any inclination for ſuch a ſtudy, would do well to read the Deſcription of the Human Figure, in Buffon's Natural Hiſtory, Vol. IV., page 278, Octavo edition.

effect will be more conſpicuous in a woman of pretty and delicate features than in her who has Roman forms and contours. The former can receive no advantage from her figure, but by light and confined modes of dreſs, and ſhould always avoid the contrary. A head-dreſs too forward, where a woman has a ſhort noſe and dimpled chin, will make thoſe defects more conſpicuous, whilſt it will wonderfully ſet off her whoſe chin and noſe are prominent.

Handſome eyes loſe a part of their brightneſs under large hats. This head-dreſs ought to be uſed by women only who have no other advantage to boaſt of than a pretty mouth and winning ſmile. The colours of gauzes and ribbons, as ornaments of the head, ought to be regulated by that of the hair and complexion. We muſt, however, agree that women underſtand infinitely better the harmony of colours than the ſuitableneſs of faſhions. We cannot allow them the ſame praiſe in the manner they make uſe of their rouge. This invention is uſeful, when conveniently and ſparingly made uſe of, to vivify the paleneſs of lilies in a fair complexion. Women of a certain *ton* carry it to ſuch an exceſs, that, notwithſtanding the imperious law of cuſtom, a ſenſible man cannot help being ſhocked at the ſight of their frightful *enluminures*. If this ſhocking maſque has ſometimes its conveniencies, we muſt alſo allow that it entirely deſtroys all the advantages of a timid young woman, whoſe natural ſweetneſs and modeſty will ever add charms to her ſenſibility. Hence, perhaps, it often happens that the plain chambermaid better pleaſes us than the painted lady. As to the real manner of arranging the handkerchief, if you would hide the treaſures of Nature, you ſhould endeavour not to do it in a diſagreeable mode.—Theſe clumſy artifices had better be reſigned to women who can gain no advantages from ſuch expoſures.

The advantages of a good ſhape are often injured by the fooliſh fondneſs of having them very ſlender. Were they to conſult the form of the ſuperb antique ſtatue of Venus, they would find a good proportion as far removed from a too ſlender

der waiſt, and uniform, as a clumſy one. Beſides, it may be juſtly obſerved, that when the corſets are too cloſely laced, it takes away entirely all eaſe and grace. The motion becomes ſtiff, and the attitude conſtrained; without ſpeaking of the accidents which may reſult from ſuch an outrage againſt Nature.

A great vulgariſm in taſte much prevailed ſome years ago.—Women who were very luſty were anxious to excel in the art of puffing, which had been ingeniouſly imagined by thoſe of a ſlender make to ſupply what Nature had refuſed them.—You might then have ſeen very little women, who, by adopting this ridiculous mode, might be really ſaid to have more breadth than length.

The adjuſtments deſigned to adorn Nature ought to be light and ſimple. The Greek ladies, who well knew how to ſet off their charms, were careful to have their veils of a very ſupple material: theſe veils yielded agreeably to the motions of the body, and added to their natural grace. If the ſtatues we have ſeen from that fine country, the mother of arts, command ſtill the admiration of artiſts and connoiſſeurs, it is owing to their light, airy appearance, which nothing can ſurpaſs.

It is an error to ſuppoſe cold climates are obſtacles to the delicacy of dreſs. By means of furred peliſes, when you are expoſed to the air, you may be clothed as light as you pleaſe within; and the Ruſſian ladies corroborate the truth of this obſervation.

There is a medium to be obſerved in dreſs; between clumſineſs and a too thin and tranſparent covering, which is offenſive to decency. The woman who expoſes herſelf to theſe inconveniencies does not well underſtand her intereſts; ſhe deprives herſelf of the advantages, ſo flattering to her ſelf-love, which reſult from the brilliant fictions which the active imagination of men always produce when they leave it ſomething to act upon.

It is in the arrangement of the hair that the Greek ladies moſt excelled; chiefly by the graceful ſimplicity they were ſo fond of,

of, and uſed ſo taſtily. But, to be juſt, the women of the preſent day dreſs themſelves better than formerly: they are infinitely nearer perfection than they were ſome years ago. Already the dawn of taſte begins to enlighten the manner in which they dreſs their hair: there is reaſon to hope that they will make a rapid progreſs in this part of the toilet, eſpecially if they conſult, as they ought, Nature and the artiſts.

Nothing can be more agreeable than their wearing their hair looſe, flowing on their ſhoulders. It is to be wiſhed that the women would keep to this faſhion. The buckles they begin to adopt upon the toupee would become them the more if they were leſs regular, and diſpoſed with more taſte.

When, by a happy hazard, a woman has nearly reached perfection at her toilet, that is to ſay, in what moſt becomes her, ſhe ought to be very careful not to adopt new modes.—In ſo frivolous an age, an infidelity may be the conſequence of their placing the hat from left to right. When a ſentiment is founded on a trifle, a trifle may eaſily deſtroy it.

CONCLUSION.

Artiſts who have ſpent their whole lives in the ſtudy of the beauties of Nature, are primitives. Judges in this inſtance, they alone have the privilege to fix the public opinion in matters of taſte. This is, in fact, their ſphere. The time, perhaps, is not far diſtant when the fair ſex, inſtructed in their deareſt intereſts, will call them to the toilet, and conſider them as the true arbiters of taſte. Then, favoured by Beauty and the Graces, envied by every other claſs, they will repay themſelves with intereſt for that forgetfulneſs to which they have been ſo long doomed: but a grand revolution muſt take place before this happy day arrives. From this period every thing will take its primitive order. Every man will be in his place, and the abbe will be no more the ſupreme umpire at the toilet, and decide irrevocably on the ſhape of a ringlet, or the place of a puff. The true lovers and worſhippers of Beauty will ſurround the mirror, and Minerva introduce the Graces to the Fair.

SCHOOL

SCHOOL OF ARTS. *No.* XVI.

Methods of Trying Bread.

AS much has been ſaid about the adulteration of bread and flour, the following methods to detect it may ſerve to gratify curioſity, or diſcover frauds, wherever any ſuch are ſuſpected.

To diſcover whether flour be adulterated with whiting or chalk, mix with it ſome juice of lemon, or good vinegar: if the flour be pure, they will remain together at reſt; but if there be a mixture of whiting or chalk, a fermentation or working, like yeaſt, will enſue. The adulterated meal is whiter and heavier than the good. The quantity that an ordinary tea-diſh will contain has been found to weigh more than the ſame quantity of genuine flour, by 4 drachms and 19 grains troy.

The regular method to detect the frauds is:——Cut off the cruſt from the loaf, and, ſetting that aſide, cut the crumb into very thin ſlices; break theſe, but not very ſmall, and put them into a glaſs cucurbite, with a large quantity of water.—Set this, without ſhaking, in a ſand furnace, and let it ſtand with a moderate warmth four-and-twenty hours.

The crumb of the bread will in this time ſoften in all its parts, and the ingredients will ſeparate from it. The alum will diſſolve in the water, and may be extracted from it in the uſual way. The jalap, if any has been uſed, will ſwim upon the top in a coarſe film; and the other ingredients, being heavy, will ſink quite to the bottom. Theſe are the principal; and, the pap being poured off, there will remain the chalk, bone aſhes, or whatſoever elſe was uſed, in a white powder at the bottom.

This is the beſt and moſt regular method of finding the deceit; but, as cucurbites and ſand furnaces are not at hand in private families, there is a more familiar method.

Let the crumb of a loaf be ſliced as before directed, and put with a great deal of water into a large earthen pipkin. Let this be ſet over a very gentle fire, and kept a long time moderately hot; and, the pap being poured off, the bone aſhes, or other ingredients, will be found at the bottom.

THEA-

THEATRICALS.

DRURY LANE.

Feb. 22. MRS. YATES, the widow of Lieut. Y., who was killed three years ago at Pimlico, made her firſt appearance on this ſtage as *Angela* in *The Caſtle Spectre*, and received great applauſe.

March 11. A new Comic Opera, called THE EGYPTIAN FESTIVAL, written by Mr. Franklin (Author of *The Wandering Jew*, &c.), was performed for the firſt time.

DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.——*Egyptians.* Muſtapha Muley Bey, Mr. Raymond; Ali Haſſan, Mr. Holland; Murteza, Mr. C. Kemble; Jaffa, Mr. Caulfield; Prieſt, Mr. Cory; Uſcola, Mr. Suet. Zemira, Madame Mara; Nigra, Mrs. Bland.

Engliſh. Governor, Mr. Powell; Boomley, Mr. Kelly; Mainſtay, Mr. Sedgwick; Longbow, Mr. Banniſter; Violetta, Miſs Stephens; Jackina, Miſs Decamp.

The ſcene of this piece throughout the repreſentation lies in Egypt. The Opera opens with a view of the Pyramids, and part of the Nile. Muſtapha Muley, by intrigue and treachery, uſurps the authority of Ali Haſſan, a Bey of the moſt liberal mind and generous feelings. After a conflict between the contending parties, Ali Haſſan is dragged from his Caſtle by the agents of Muſtapha, and conſigned to a dungeon, where he is menaced with death if he does not appoint the latter his ſucceſſor. During the ſtruggle of the parties for power, the Engliſh take a part, and by their efforts put an end to the war. Muley uſurps the authority of the venerable Ali, and impoſes on the Engliſh. When the Caſtle of the Bey was in flames, a Britiſh ſoldier ſnatched from the conflagration Violetta, an infant, whoſe birth and rank was unknown. The child is taken to England, and educated with Boomley, the ſon of the Engliſh Governor, and a mutual attachment enſues. She afterwards is ſent to Egypt, if poſſible to diſcover her friends. Her brother is alſo ſuppoſed to be loſt, but is reared by a generous pearl-fiſher, the devoted friend

friend of the old Bey. The Engliſh Governor having appointed a grand feſtival, the uſurper is invited to the banquet, who, after the feaſt, carries off Violetta by force. After their arrival at his Seraglio, he is proceeding to violence, when her brother, Murteza, who obtains acceſs to the Caſtle, ruſhes to her aſſiſtance, and defeats the intention of the tyrant. In this ſcene Murteza diſcloſes himſelf. Muli affects contrition for his offence; pretends to reſtore him his property; and aſſures him, that his father had been murdered, and that the murderer was at the moment confined in a cell, to which he gives him the ſignal of admittance. Murteza impatiently wiſhes to take vengeance of the deſtroyer of his father. The tyrant arms him with a dagger; and, after an heroic act of Murteza, he is raiſing his hand againſt the ſuppoſed murderer, when he beholds in him a father! The parties, through the agency of a friendly guard, proceed through a ſubterraneous paſſage to the ſea, muſter their friends, and attack the Uſurper. While they oppoſe him within, an Engliſh ſhip of war, commanded by Boomley, the ſon of the Governor, arrives off the fortreſs, which he bombards: the citadel takes fire, and the Caſtle is blown up. The Uſurper falls by the hand of Boomley: Ali Haſſan is reſtored to his followers; he gives his daughter's hand, whom he diſcovers to be Violetta, to Boomley; and the Piece concludes.

The Author has evidently aimed at nothing more than forming a ſlight vehicle for the charming Muſic of Florio, ſome admirable ſcenery, and ſplendid proceſſions and decorations. The laſt ſcene, exhibiting the ſtorming of the tyrant's Palace, is a work of much ingenuity, and does the mechaniſt great credit.

The ſinging of Madame Mara, Miſs Stephens, Mrs. Bland, Mr. Sedgwick, &c. and the humour of Banniſter, have attracted full houſes to this Piece; though, on its firſt repreſentation, it met with a little oppoſition, which we believe was in ſome degree to be attributed to its too great length. It has ſince been much improved by the judicious uſe of the pruning knife.

Cabinet

Cabinet of Faſhion.

WITH ELEGANT COLOURED PLATES.

FULL DRESS.

1. Gown white muſlin, with gold-embroidered border; full plaited ſleeves, with gold band; crimſon velvet body; a looſe robe of white gauze ſpotted, and trimmed with a border and fringe of gold; edged at the top with crimſon velvet, and faſtened with a gold tie on each ſhoulder.—Head-dreſs: bands of hair, and ſmall crimſon velvet cap, with gauze veil to ſuit the robe. Shoes crimſon.

2. Gown white muſlin; ſleeves full puffed; jacket blue velvet, with four rows of buttons; the ſkirt of the jacket narrow, of white muſlin, edged with blue velvet; chemiſe tucker bound with the ſame.—Head-dreſs: croſs bands of hair, with oſtrich feathers encircling the head. Shoes blue.

3. Gown lilac muſlin, with ſilver ſpots; the body and ſleeves plaited, the latter raiſed with a puffing of white muſlin; chemiſe tucker, edged with lilac. Head-dreſs: a wreath of black velvet, with bands of bugles. Shoes lilac.

4. Head-dreſs of hair only. Gown white, the body and ſleeves plaited, and ſtriped with gold cord. The girdle, and bands on the arms, of gold. Necklace and bracelets the ſame. A lace tucker, and ruff on the ſhoulders, continued by an edging round the neck behind. A robe of white gauze, trimmed and ſtriped with gold, cloſe to the waiſt, and hanging looſe behind.

UNDRESS

Nearly the ſame as laſt month. Straw hats turned up in front, and ornamented with ſcarlet or blue flowers, are very faſhionable.

MORNING DRESSES

Of Chamberry muſlin are much worn. Dark brown and ſlate colour, with pink or blue ſpots, are much worn.

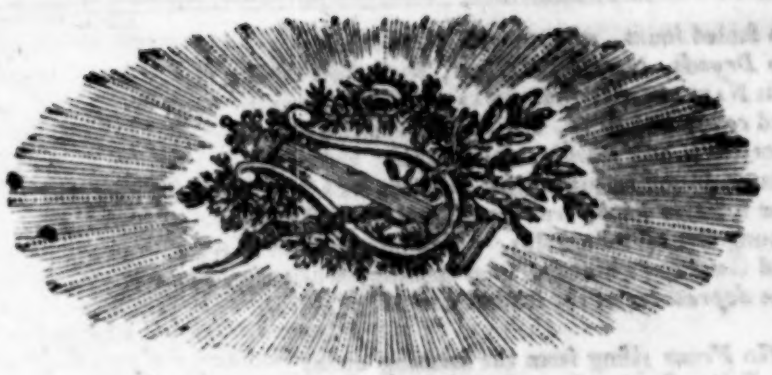
The

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP

Full Dress for April 1800.

Full Dress for April. 1800.

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
48
SEP



The Apollonian Wreath.

TO CAPEL LOFFT, ESQ.

On his introducing to public notice "THE FARMER'S BOY; a rural Poem. By Robert Bloomfield."

Be thou the firſt true merit to befriend;
His praiſe is loſt, who ſtays till all commend. POPE.

THOU friend to merit in its lorn abode,
Who genius' meed on poverty beſtow'd;
Allow me, LOFFT, thy SUFFOLK BARD to greet,
Who ſings round EUSTON'S dale ſo ſimply ſweet!
Like his own *lark*,* uprifing from the corn,
Beyond the gaze of GILES,† rapt liſt'ner, borne,
He'll charm the ploughmen, as they wearied plod;
Inſpire kind feelings, wing their thoughts to GOD!

Not tedded hay, nor peaſe in purple bloom,
Nor dewy bloſſoms ſcattering ſweet perfume,
Delight me more, as ſunny fields I tread,
Than BLOOMFIELD'S page, which I with rapture read.
No *Delias*, *Daphnes*, *Damons*, here appear,
Nor *ſwains Arcadian*, piping all ſo clear:

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* Page 32.

† The name of the Farmer's Boy.

No fabled fount, whence inſpiration ſwells;
No *Dryads*, *Nereids*, *Tritons*, with their ſhells:
'Tis NATURE, all, that marks our Poet's ſtrains;
And *cows*, and *ſheep*, and *Suffolk*'s fertile plains;
Poor *Ball*, and *Dobbin*, *dairy-maids*, and *cheeſe*,
Plough-haunting birds, that build on rocking trees;
The ſportive *lamb*, *trod-gwof*, and *harveſt-home*;
Young GILES' lone walks, where he was wont to roam,
And GRAFTON's hounds, loud opening, while they chace
The *depredator* of the feather'd race.

No *Venus* riſing from the foaming main,
No *Pallas* ſtarting from *Jove*'s pregnant brain,
No buſkin'd *Dian* with her quiver hung,
No *Spartan Queen* by Bard immortal ſung,
So often echo'd in the lulling lays
Of minor Poets, in theſe modern days,
Here meet the eye, unkindled with deſire;—
'Tis *Suffolk Beauty* ſets the ſoul on fire!
No maid more ſweet ere met the raptur'd view,
A form more fair the pencil never drew,
Than BLOOMFIELD pictures in his glowing page,—
His *Mary*'s bluſh would melt the froſt of age.

Whatever ſcene the *rural bard* ſurveys,
His feeling heart benevolence diſplays.
Who, but his *maid*, *ill-fated*, muſt bemoan,
Who roam'd the wild, and, ſighing, ſat alone!
"" Who pluck'd a tender twig from ev'ry bough,
" To whip the hovering demons from her brow."

For GILES, lone watching in his ſmoky ſhed,
Preparing cates, of roaſted ſloes, to ſpread,
As hope of gueſts enliven'd his fond heart,
Which ſoon was pierc'd by Diſappointment's dart,
As play-mates, faithleſs to their word he found,
And mourn'd their friendſhip, fickle and unſound,—
Who, but muſt feel? Ah! melancholy wight!
How ſoon he finds that *promiſes are light!*

What is it, LOVET, thou cloſe obſerver, ſay,
That makes the *bird-watch* aſk the time of day?

* Page 60.

What

What is it makes him ſo impatient ſtand,
And Time's ſlow lapſe with anxious voice demand?
As ſinks the ſun's broad orb in weſtern ſkies,
While o'er the field his lengthen'd ſhade he ſpies,
Say, why he quickly reckons up three-ſcore,
Then feels a joy he's loſt *one minute more*?
It is not hunger makes the time ſeem ſlow,
But *ſolitude* which fills his heart with woe.
Long ſolitude makes ſocial converſe dear*,
Which gives a reliſh to the coarſeſt cheer.
'Tis NATURE's ſelf that makes us thus combine,
And cling like tendrils from the ſhooting vine.
In ſolitude the genius ſinks, oppreſt,
And dove-like friendſhip wants whereon to reſt.
Steel ſharpens ſteel; wit, edge on wit beſtows;
Flame brightens flame, while each redoubled glows.
As lucid drops towards each other roll,
On leafy plants, as if inſtinct with ſoul,
So man, by nature, ſeeks with man to join,
And minds conglob'd in ſocial converſe ſhine:
But *party heats* theſe globes to *ſteam* expand,
And *war's repulſion* thundering ſhakes the land.
Oh! for thy *cooling* power, clear common ſenſe,
Which in a moment would this *ſteam condenſe*;
Attraction, then, might ſpeedily take place,
And Love and Concord bleſs the human race!

Woodbridge, March 17, 1800. JOHN BLACK.

WINTER.

HUSH'D are the notes of ſylvan love,
No warbler echoes thro' the grove;
The ruſſet lawns, the leafleſs trees,
No more enjoy the tepid breeze;
No more the flow'rs their teints diſplay,
No more the fruits imbow the ſpray;
But gayleſs Winter mounts his throne,
And calls the ſubject world his own:
Hoar miſts obſcure the morning beam,
The mid-day ſun ſcarce ſhoots a gleam;
And ſoon the ev'ning ſhadows fall,
And ſable darkneſs circles all.

M——.

* See "Zimmerman on Solitude." Publiſhed by Vernor and Hood, in the Poultry.

MARCH.

BY DR. WILLIAM PERFECT.

As yet the trembling Year is unconfin'd,
And Winter oft at eve reſumes the breeze,
Chills the pale Morn, and bids his driving fleets
Deform the Day, delightleſs. THOMSON.

IN mantle of Proteus clad,
With aſpect ferocious and wild,
Now pleaſant, now ſullen, and ſad,
Now froward, now placid and mild;
In his hand, from the Zodiac fled,
The Aries progreſſive is ſeen,
The Almond her bloſſoms has ſhed
Around his uncivilis'd mien.

'Tis MARCH!—How tremendous they blow!
Unpriſon'd, what tempeſts ariſe!
From the caverns of Boreas below
The hills feel the blaſt of the ſkies:
The hills echo loud, and the deep
Aſcends in huge ſurges of foam;
The ſhips o'er the precipice ſweep,
Through perils implacable roam.

Ye Winds, your rough tumults aſſuage,
Oh, ceaſe your rude thunder to pour;
Forbear your tyrannical rage,
Nor let the young Seaſon deplore!
Let Morning your friendſhip reſume,
Revive Nature's low-bending head;
Send Zephyr on ſoft ſilken plume
The breath of Favonius to ſpread.

'Tis done! On the banks of the rill
The Primroſe, in ſtraw-colour'd veſt,
Annex'd to the gay Daffodil,
Beams, Flora, thy *topaz* confeſt;
The Daiſy beſprinkles the plain;
What luſtre the Crocus renews!
In yellow and purple, her train
The eye with ſoft pleaſure reviews.

The

The Alders their bunches unfold;
And, ſee, on the hedge-rows ſuſpend
The Sallow's live fringes of gold,
With buds of the Suckle to blend;
Where breathes the bland South on the bank,
The Pilewort ſhines ſweetly, ſo young;
But the Violet alone we muſt thank,
From whom peerleſs odours are flung.

The Bee burſts her hive in the morn,
On æther piratical ſails;
Sure ſign that our fields ſhe'll adorn,
That Flora's alive in the dales:
Sure ſign that no ſtorm will ariſe,
The face of the day to obſcure,
But mild and unclouded the ſkies,
The preſent SERENE will inſure.

Behold the young Lamb in the fold,
A ſpectacle pleaſing and ſweet;
Oh! ſave it, new-dropt, from the cold,
For feeble and weak are its feet:
The office is ſoft; and for care
His innocence meekly entreats;
To your cottage conduct him, ye Fair,
And feed him whenever he bleats.

From boughs, tho' yet naked and bare,
The Throſtle melodious ſings;
The Rooks render vocal the air,
In the Tolc, with induſtrious wings:
The colony form'd to defend
Their new habitations we ſee;
Some labour, and loaded aſcend,
Whilſt others to plunder agree.

The Muſe might a ſimile draw,
And liken this hoſt to a ſtate
Where anarchy tramples on law,
Nor fears the bold thought to relate;
But dares in idea compare
The Rooks to a newly-form'd clan,
Who ſyſtems of government rear
Without either order or plan.

What gifts for my Fair ſhall I bring?—
The Myrtle, and March-Vi'let gay;
Such innocent Children of Spring
My pureſt affections convey:
She comes as the Moon from a cloud—
My ſnow-boſom'd Delia appears;
With ſoul of mild virtue endow'd,
And cheek unpolluted with tears!

She ſmiles—and the buds of the grove
Inſtantaneous to foliage expand;
The emblem of pictureſque love,
A Lambkin ſhe leads in her hand:
It was the firſt-born of the fold,
Which, but for her care, had been loſt;
Her tenderneſs ſav'd from the cold,
The fatal effects of the froſt!

She ſmiles—and, elate with the ſound
Of bells from the hamlet below,
All 's joy and feſtivity round;
The cauſe ev'ry ſhepherd muſt know:
Proclaim, that Solander, the gay,
To Melicent, *fortunate-hind*
(For ever renown'd be the day),
The bridegroom of tranſport was join'd!

Sure Hymen ne'er ſmil'd with more grace!—
The Muſe is invited a gueſt!——
What pleaſure enlightens each face!—
How jocund!—how gay!—and how bleſt!—
Ye ſhepherds, convene on the lea;
Let mirth the moſt ſprightly be our's:
Come, Delia, announce the decree,
And call up the muſical pow'rs.

The Crocus of flame-colour'd hue,
The Hyacinth vary'd in veſt,
The ſweet Polyanthuſes, too,
And Anemonies wantonly dreſt;
The Mezereon, worthy of praiſe,
Tho' fraught with no laviſh perfume,
And Willow, whoſe ſilver-like rays
Are ſhed from its white velvet bloom.

Such

Such poſies collected we'll weave
In garlands, for Melicent's brow;
Aſſur'd that ſhe'll ſmiling receive
The gifts which her ſhepherds beſtow:
The pair ſhall our preſent approve,
And gratefully honour our lay;
'Tis Nature's own nuptial of Love!—
For ever renown'd be the day!

Solander, thus favour'd and bleſt,
Long cheriſh the Maid of your heart;
Dear Choice of his undiſguis'd breaſt
The mutual affection impart!
No cares ſhall your union annoy,
But Hymen perpetually ſing—
"That MARCH was the *Parent of Joy*,
"As well as the *Father of Spring*."

P. S. The Editor of *The Lady's Muſeum* is informed, that "*The Afflicted Parents*," an Elegy, in the laſt Number, was the production of Dr. Perfect,—though he is quite unacquainted by what means it was tranſmitted to that admired Publication.

☞ *The Editor received it in MS. from an anonymous Correſpondent.*

PRIERE POUR LE MATIN.

JE te benis, Seigneur, en ouvrant la paupiere
Fais moi dès le Matin reſſentir ta bonté,
Flechir par ton eſprit ma dure volonté,
Et verſe dans mon cœur ta divine lumiere;
Qu'aux milieux des dangers de ma triſte carriere,
Soutenu par ta main je marche en ſureté,
Et qu'enfin par ta grace, et par ta verité,
J'arrive en ton repos a mon heure derniere.
Je ſuis en ta juſtice un objet odieux,
Oh, mon Dieu lave moi dans le ſang precieux,
Que pour moi ton Saint Fils verſa ſur le Calvaire,
Que ſans craindre la mort ni ſon noir appareil
J'entre au ſortir du jour qui luit ſur l'hemiſphere
Dans le jour ou les ſaints n'ont que toi pour ſoleil.

Southampton, Feb. 1800. ALPHONSO.

LINES

ADDRESSED TO MISS WORTLEY, ON HER ATTACHMENT TO COLONEL CUNNINGHAM.*

TRANSCENDENT Maid!—while Faſhion's race
Adore the Follies of their day,
How brightly beams the magic grace
Which Virtue can diſplay!
Virtue!—which glows with inborn pow'r,
And gilds with conſcious joy each hour.

The fragile charm of features fair
Attracts the mind leſs richly fraught,
And rank and pow'r the labour ſhare
Of giddy Faſhion's thought;
But Feeling, with reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Can brighten Sorrow's darkeſt hour.

Thy ſoul, above the trivial claim
Of Vanity, enraptur'd ſoars;
And Genuine Worth, and Deathleſs Fame,
Thy poliſh'd Mind adores!
And, heedleſs of each ſordid pow'r,
Thou giv'ſt to Valour's ſon thy hour.

Oh, WORTLEY! 'tis thy gen'rous mind
That proudly owns the thrill of joy:
'Tis Truth, by Sentiment refin'd,
Which Time ſhall ne'er deſtroy,
Till Death, with his reſiſtleſs pow'r,
Shall cloſe the dear Domeſtic Hour!

JULIA.

ACROSTIC

ON MISS ANN BIDWELL, THETFORD.

HANDSOME, unaffected, gay, yet wiſe;
O pen, yet lovely; lively, yet ſerene;
L ooks that enchant with Love's inſpiring eyes;
M odeſt in manners, elegant in mien;
E ach grace adorning, eager to improve!
S uch is the Portrait of the girl I love.

Thetford. W. P——r.

* See p. 180.

STANZAS

EXTEMPORE,

By a Gentleman, on being waked in the middle of the night by the ringing of the Church Bells.

OH, ye raſcally ringers, and mercileſs foes,
And diſturbers of all who delight in repoſe,
How I wiſh, for the quiet and peace of the land,
That ye had round your neck what ye hold in your hand!

Thetford. W. P——r.

STANZAS TO MARY,

BY W. P——: WRITTEN THE MORNING AFTER HIS FIRST INTERVIEW WITH HER.

WHAT is this thrill, that while it darts
Such flushing raptures——ſpeak?——
What is this riſing throb?——Why ſtarts
This bluſh upon my cheek?

Ah! me!—I feel it is a bluſh
Chill Prudence muſt reprove:
My yielding heart now owns the fluſh
Of ſoft, prevailing Love!

Oh! with what rapture did mine eyes
Gaze on each heav'nly charm!
Whilſt oft the fault'ring ſigh would riſe,
And breathe the ſoft alarm.

How did my flutt'ring ſoul expand,
What bliſs I now careſs'd,
Whilſt quick I ſeiz'd thy lovely hand,
And claſp'd it to my breaſt!

Oh, what a thrill did Love impart!—
Whilſt panting for the bliſs,
I'd fain have claſp'd thee to my heart,
And died——upon a kiſs!

But, ah! vain thoughts!—vain hopes!—adieu!——
I muſt not breathe your flame;
My tongue, ſad fate, will often rue,
And dying bleſs thy name!

W. P.

STANZAS

STANZAS TO MARY,

On her urging the *abſolute* neceſſity of repelling my *Affection*, but conſenting to hear me as a *Friend*.

WHEN Beauty's ſmiles have charm'd th' enraptur'd eye,
And bid to throb the fond ſuſceptive breaſt,
How hard his lot, doom'd ſecretly to ſigh,
No *hope* to ſooth or calm his ſoul to reſt!

Ah, cruel Fate!—why did my wiſhful ſight
In flowing bliſs thy graces e'er approve?
Why did mine eyes e'er taſte the ſoft delight
Of gazing where my heart muſt check its love?

Hard—hard his fate, whoſe breaſt's with ardour fir'd—
Whoſe fault'ring tongue would bleſs his Idol's name!
Whoſe ſoul, with ev'ry thrill of Love inſpir'd,
Dares not to breathe the fervour of his flame!

But, Friendſhip!——let me court thy ſacred ſhrine—
Let me enjoy each pleaſure thou can'ſt yield:
Oh, bleſs me with her converſe!——thought divine!
Let mutual candour by thy bonds be ſeal'd!

And whilſt thy placid joys their bliſs impart,
Ah! tho' I'm doom'd each rapture to ſuppreſs,
Mine eyes ſhall often tell thee that my heart,
Tho' huſh'd by Prudence, ne'er can love her leſs!

W. F.

IMPROMPTU.

THO' beauty may charm, and tho' youth may invite,
'Tis *affection* alone can the ſenſes delight!
For the cheek, like a roſe, may its bluſhes diſplay,
And the young dance on flow'rets to drive care away;
But if youth has no *feeling* our hearts to beguile,
And if Beauty's ſoft cheek be not dreſt with a *ſmile*,
'Tis a PICTURE, whoſe colours may pleaſure impart,
But whoſe touch nor enamours, nor fixes THE HEART.

L. M.

SOLU-

SOLUTION OF THE CHARADES

WHICH APPEARED IN OUR LAST.

Charade I.——Cutlaſs.

Charade II.——Cowſlip.

CHARADES.

CHARADE I.

MY Two, and *tout*, are always bound
As cloſe as man and wife;
But, ſhould a richer bride be found,
The tie is not for life.

Thrice happy ſtate! the rake will cry,
While Doctors grave aſſent;
For few can ſhut the wiſhful eye,
And ſay——"I'll reſt content."

CHARADE II.

MY Firſt is the half of my laſt, to a *T*,
And few would diſlike one or both of Champagne:
My *tout* often varies by Faſhion's decree,
Nor ſhape, ſize, or ſubſtance can e'er long retain:
Sometimes with its luſtre it dazzles the ſight,
And reflects a bright gleam on the breaſt of the beau;
Sometimes it is dark as the ſhades of the night,
And ſerves as a badge of profeſſion, or woe.

CHARADE III.

MY Firſt tries to deceive every body,
My Second ought not to deceive any body,
And my Whole may be aimed at every body.

CHARADE IV.

IN deep diſtreſs my Firſt implore,
In happieſt hours my Second chuſe;
My *tout* if you do not adore,
Moſt perfect happineſs you loſe.

RIDDLE.

RIDDLE.

I WAS, when Adam was,
Four weeks old—no more;
And five weeks old was not
When Adam was five ſcore:
Conſider right, my age you'll find
A month is, and no more.

R. C.

To Correſpondents, &c.

THE Dramatic Romance, *in Two Acts, mentioned by* A Conſtant Reader, *will be very acceptable.*

The Acroſtic to Sophia *was inſerted before the Author's Letter was received.*

Enfield *will find the Article which he has ſent us, already printed in Vol. II., p.* 180.

The Female Mentor *in our next.*

Muſidorus *is informed, that great part of the 4th, and of the laſt verſe of his* "Invocation à la Fortune," *was obliterated by the wafer with which he cloſed the paper. We cannot uſe the Article, therefore, unleſs he can ſupply the Defect.*

The Complaint of a Ghoſt *ſhall appear in our next.*

Many Favours of our Poetical Correſpondents are deferred for want of room; ſome ſet aſide from want of merit; and not a few on the ſcore of non-originality. Several ſilly perſons every month attempt impoſitions of the latter kind upon us; and ſome, no doubt, ſucceed. Dr. Perfect *has claimed* The Afflicted Parents, *ſent us laſt month in another perſon's hand-writing, and ſigned* Amicus.

ERRATA IN OUR LAST NUMBER.

Page 233. *For Ode to* Mr. *W*****, read Ode to* M. *W*****.
" 234. *line* 15. *Read "I prize your fame, not verſe."*

BRITISH MUSEUM
14
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SEP

Duchess of Wirtemburg.

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